Scar-Spangled Banner *Stanley Kauffmann*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 23, 1967, 35 cents

A Reply to Joseph Alsop

Fake Panaceas for Ghetto Education

Robert Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew, Marshall Smith

Soul-Searching on Taxes—*Joseph Pechman*

Rockwell and Friend—*Dotson Rader*

The Absent Consensus—*The Editors*

Knut Hamsun—*Robert Coles*

SEP 19 1967

NR BILL 0019 1 1267
GUY W BAILEY
UNIV OF VT
BURLINGTON VT
05401
NEWSPAPER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you think sex is a four-letter word, Evergreen Review is not for you

We're not for your maiden aunt in Minneapolis. But we may, just may, be for you.

Evergreen Review is published by Grove Press, the people who first brought out the complete *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in this country. We made it possible for you to read the works of Henry Miller and the Marquis de Sade without smuggling them back from Europe. We publish Beckett, Pinter, Robbe-Grillet, Burroughs, Selby *(Last Exit to Brooklyn)* and Berne *(Games People Play)*.

We represent a new freedom in American publishing and a new sophistication in reading taste. Our readers do not automatically buy best-sellers or rush off to the latest musical comedy on Broadway. They don't keep expensive books on their coffee tables, either. They enjoy reading that is honest, powerful, stimulating and adult. And that's what they get in *Evergreen Review** — the most tuned-in, provocative and pioneering magazine in print. A 12-issue subscription to *Evergreen* costs only $9 ($3 less than the newsstand price) and gives you, in addition to a great magazine, the following benefits . . .

- **As a unique introductory bonus, you'll immediately receive two free books** – any two of the original Grove Press editions in coupon at right. The retail value of your books, depending on your choices, can total up to $30.00.
- **Membership in the Evergreen Club** – the most exciting and uninhibited new reading club in the world. As a club member, you'll be entitled to generous discounts on great "inside" literary works (many of which are available only in emancipated bookstores). Each month we'll send you a bulletin describing a new book which we feel you might like to have. Along with the bulletin, we'll include a self-addressed card. If you want the book, you don't have to do anything. If you don't want it, simply mail back the card. The bulletin also lists other exciting selections that are available at special prices. You can buy any of these books, all of them, or none of them. You'll never be required to buy a single book. Ever.
- **Think about it:** You subscribe to *Evergreen* for 12 issues at the low rate of $9, and get two free books worth as much as $30.00 — plus membership in the Evergreen Club — plus special prices on books which may never show up in your corner bookstore — plus the right to say "no" to all future books we may recommend to you.

Interested? Mail the coupon.

*The current issue of *Evergreen* includes *Flower Power: An Interview with a Hippie* . . . the complete text of the sensational and notorious underground play, *The Beard* by Michael McClure . . . Ralph J. Gleason on *The Power of Non-Politics or the Death of the Square Left* . . . Fred Rayfield's grimly amusing satire on an imaginary press conference in which LBJ explains how the war in Vietnam ended . . . Nat Hentoff looking at the New Politics and asking, "Is there life before death" . . . new libidinous adventures of our sexy comic strip heroine, Phoebe Zeit-Geist . . . the beginning of a poem of "These States" by Allen Ginsberg . . . new fiction by Terry Southern, Boris Ivan, James Brunot . . . much more.

EVERGREEN REVIEW, Dept. NR-1
315 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. 10013

Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription to *Evergreen Review* for 12 issues (bi-monthly). This automatically makes me a member of the Evergreen Club — gives me the chance to buy special books at generous discounts (with no obligation to buy any) — and entitles me immediately to the two free gifts I have checked below.

☐ Enclosed is my check for $9. ☐ Please bill me.

☐ ***My Secret Life.*** Anonymous Victorian gentleman's famous sexual memoirs. Deluxe giant paperbound ed., (10" x 13"), complete and uncut, boxed. Retail $9.50

☐ ***Games People Play.*** Eric Berne, M.D. Renowned psychiatrist reveals our unconscious gamesmanship. The bestseller of the decade. Retail $5.00

☐ ***Ecco Homo.*** George Grosz. "First published — and promptly condemned — in Germany in 1923, these drawings and paintings convey the madness that was overwhelming Grosz' homeland. Brilliant, devastating." —*Playboy*. Retail $15

☐ ***Story of O.*** Pauline Réage. "Relates the progressive, willful debasement of a young and beautiful Parisian fashion photographer." — *New York Times*. Retail $6.00

☐ Two books count as one: ***Harriet Marwood, Governess.*** Anonymous. A modern underground classic with overtones of Sacher-Masoch. Retail $5.00 PLUS: ***Some Limericks.*** Norman Douglas. A new edition of the famous, privately printed collection. Retail $4.00 (Combined retail $9.00)

☐ ***Aubrey Beardsley: Selected Drawings.*** A superb collection, including the suppressed *Lysistrata* series. 9½" x 11⅛". Retail $10

☐ ***120 Days of Sodom and other Writings.*** The Marquis de Sade. A shocking work Sade considered his masterpiece. Retail $15

☐ Two books count as one: ***Under the Hill.*** Aubrey Beardsley & John Glassco. Beardsley's only novel, written in his exquisite pictorial style, completed by Canadian novelist John Glassco. Retail $5.95. PLUS: ***The Image.*** Jean de Berg. A frankly erotic love story similar in style and theme to *Story of O*. Retail $5.00 (Combined retail $8.95)

☐ ***The Olympia Reader.*** Maurice Girodias, Ed. Some of the finest writing ever censored! Retail $12.50

☐ ***The Marquis de Sade.*** Three complete novels: *Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom, Eugénie de Franval,* and other writings. "An event of importance in American publishing and intellectual life."—HENRI PEYRE. Retail $15

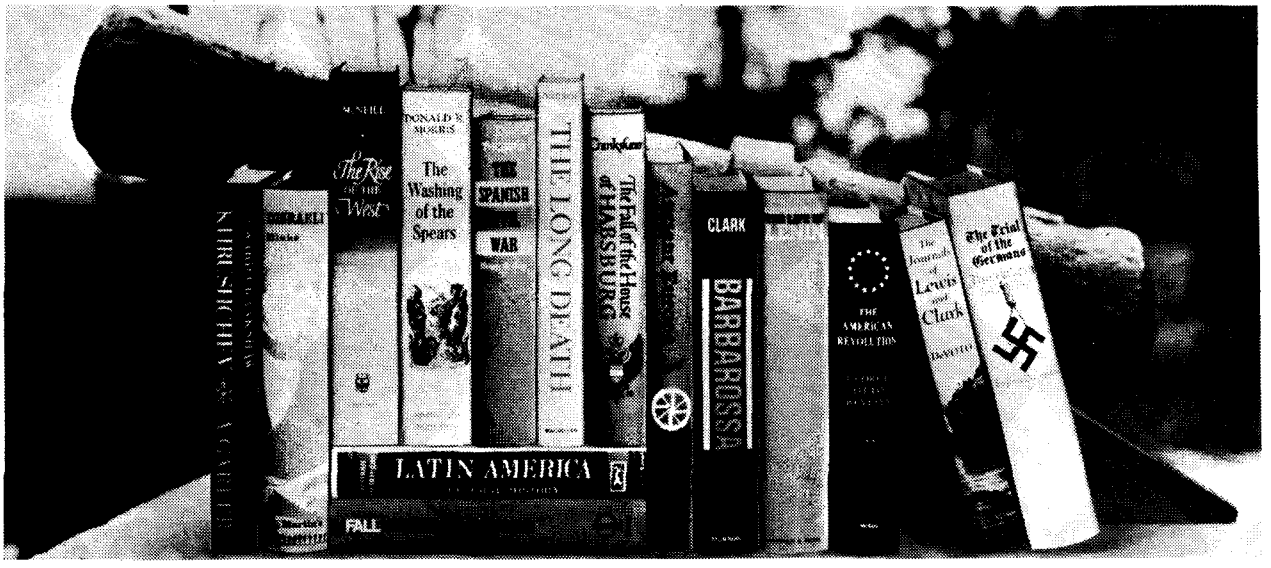
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS ON IMPORTANT WORKS OF HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS!



Any 3 of these valuable books FOR ONLY 99¢ FOR ALL THREE

with your first History Book Club membership choice

578. PAX AMERICANA *By Ronald Steel.* America's global empire is the object of this provocative critique. **$6.95/$5.75**

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY *By M. M. Boatner III.* Encyclopedic inventory of battles, leaders, units, weapons, etc. **$15.00/$8.95**

579. SUEZ *By Hugh Thomas.* A brilliant study of the complex and fateful 1956 Suez crisis. **$5.95/$4.95**

464. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION *By G. O. Trevelyan.* Now in one volume, edited by Richard B. Morris—*the* great work by one of the foremost British historians. **$10.00/$6.95**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY *By Alan Bullock.* Enlarged, revised edition (848 pages) of *the* definitive work on Hitler. **$10.00/$6.95**

545. VIET-NAM WITNESS, 1953-66 *By Bernard B. Fall.* The evolution of our Viet-Nam crisis. "More useful than any other [book] to an understanding of the intricate issues." *Walter Millis.* **$6.95/$5.80**

445. RISE OF THE WEST *By William H. McNeill.* National Book Award history of the human community since 6000 B.C. **$12.50/$9.50**

482. MUSSOLINI *By Ivone Kirkpatrick.* 762-page reconstruction of the career of Il Duce, who rose by his wits only to hang by his heels. **$10.00/$6.85**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE *By Stuart Piggott.* From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, this fascinating survey traces the prehistory of barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. **$7.50/$6.15**

574. MANHATTAN PROJECT: THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE MAKING OF THE ATOMIC BOMB *By Stephane Groueff.* The first complete account of America's greatest single industrial and technical feat. **$6.95/$5.80**

567. AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIERS *By John A. Hawgood.* First winner of the Knopf Western History Prize. A lively social history of the explorers, adventurers and settlers who opened up the West. **$10.00/$7.50**

570. CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD: THE LIFE OF CHINGIS-KHAN *By Rene Grousset.* An exciting modern retelling of the Mongol conquest of most of the 13th-century world. **$6.95/$5.75**

563. LATIN AMERICA: A CULTURAL HISTORY *By German Arciniegas.* From Columbus to Castro—the ideas, customs, religions, literature and arts. **$10.00/$6.95**

502. BARBAROSSA *By Alan Clark.* From German archives, an extraordinary military-political history of the war in Russia, 1941-45. **$10.00/$7.50**

476. THE LIFE OF LENIN *By Louis Fischer.* The authoritative story—winner of the National Book Award. **$12.50/$7.50**

528. ENGLISH HISTORY, 1914-45 *By A. J. P. Taylor.* Times of peace and war that reshaped the lives of a people. **$10.00/$6.95**

101. HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF *By Walter Goerlitz.* Story of the world's most feared war machine, 1657-1945. **$7.50/$5.95**

110. JOURNALS OF LEWIS & CLARK *ed. by Bernard DeVoto.* The first expedition to penetrate the virgin Northwest. **$7.50/$5.95**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: NUREMBERG, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* Twenty-four brilliant biographies of the Nuremberg war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. **$12.50/$8.95**

470. 20th CENTURY CHINA *By O. Edmund Clubb.* From Manchu to Mao—history by a veteran "China hand." **$7.95/$5.95**

575. TO MOVE A NATION *By Roger Hilsman.* An inside view of foreign policy in the Kennedy administration from the Bay of Pigs to Viet-Nam. **$6.95/$5.90**

369. THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR *By Hugh Thomas.* A spellbinder—the complete history of the grim "dress rehearsal for World War Two." **$8.95/$6.50**

573. DISRAELI *By Robert Blake.* This best-selling portrait of Queen Victoria's enigmatic genius—and his fascinating age—has been acclaimed as a masterpiece. **$12.50/$8.75**

444. MEDIEVAL HISTORY *By Norman F. Cantor.* Life and death of a grim yet colorful civilization. **$8.95/$7.40**

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** Last year, members enjoyed savings of over 50% on the fine works of history and world affairs shipped to them by the Club.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** You earn a bonus book for every four books purchased after your trial membership. And, you may choose as bonuses any of the more than 100 titles the Club regularly offers.
- **Exceptional quality.** The Club consistently brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions—never economy "book club" reprints.

ENROLL NOW TO RECEIVE UP TO $40.00 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR ONLY 99¢

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please open a Trial Membership for me and send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99¢ for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 100 offered at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.)

Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter. (NOTE: Bonus Books are shipped at the Club's expense; on all other shipments a small postage and packing charge is added.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three ☐ ☐ ☐

Fill in number of your choice at member's price ☐

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip Code _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly.

NR 21 S

First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $9, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

"Package of Mischief"

★ This is the anniversary of the Senate's rejection of the Civil Rights Act of 1966. There had been a torrential rain that afternoon (Sept. 19) and it was moist outside. We came out into the evening with a heavy heart.

Civil rights had gained momentum in Congress. Major bills were passed both in 1964 and 1965. Moderate Negro leaders could tell uneasy followers that things were improving.

The two earlier bills were enacted over filibusters by Southern racists. To apply cloture, of course, required a two-thirds vote. In 1964 cloture was approved, 71-29 (D, 44; R, 27) and in 1965 by 70-30 (D, 47; R, 23). A coalition of Northern Democrats and Republicans was triumphant.

Then in September the coalition collapsed. "From the very first day I saw the first copy of the original text," Mr. Dirksen told the Senate, he had opposed the bill.

Why did he oppose? The laws of 1964 and '65 were important. They assured the right to vote, opened public accommodations, schools and jobs and banned discrimination on federally aided programs. But these measures applied predominantly to the South. The big new feature in 1966 was the open housing clause and this brought the issue of race right up into the North.

It was the Republicans primarily who fell away; the party of Lincoln. The watered-down measure required apartment house and certain other property owners and builders not to discriminate.

This "package of mischief," said Dirksen – the architect of the previous reform coalition – was an invasion of property rights. That was it. We watched him as he launched his attack. He was low-keyed, colloquial, humorous, effective. He recalled that Maryland's Democratic governorship nomination had just been won by a candidate who told whites that "your home is your castle." (The man was trounced a few weeks later by the present liberal Republican, Governor Agnew.)

Dirksen threw his tousled locks about as he leaned one crutch against his mahogany desk and balanced himself on the other. He had broken his hip. In words that had meaning to many senators just before election, he recalled the Maryland nominee was "unequivocally against open occupancy."

One of his listeners was white-maned Paul Douglas. He had interrupted a life-and-death duel with Percy to fly back to vote "Aye" for cloture.

The House had passed the bill overwhelmingly so everything depended on the Senate. The vote came a little after six. There were 10 votes less than the two-thirds required: 52-41. A majority favored cloture and almost certainly would have passed the bill if it could have voted. But it couldn't. The party vote was D, 42-21 for; R, 10-20 against. Property rights won.

We have looked up our comment a year ago because we remember our feeling of gloom. We came down the marble stairways with the surging crowd out into the wet evening. Yes, here it is. It was just before the election. Capital opinion, we noted, "seems to have fixed" on a GOP victory in the House of 35 to 40 seats "though TRB thinks it will be larger." Pardon our smirk; it was 47.

Was it really all Dirksen's doing, we asked? Mr. Johnson tried hard and made a last-minute plea at a 90-minute meeting at the White House, a fact that all-out Johnson haters should remember. ("I know nobody under the canopy of the bright blue heavens that can say anything to change my mind!" Ev observed later.)

No, we concluded, it wasn't one man's doing; it was the lack of public pressure, the kind that had overcome filibusters before. Something was different. "The difference is," we decided, "as weather-vane Dirksen instinctively knows, that this bill brought desegregation out of Birmingham and Atlanta into Boston and Detroit and Chicago; into quiet suburbs, into the house across the street, the apartment across the hall.

"Speaking for America, Dirksen and the Senate preferred riots."

That's how we felt a year ago. This summer the riots have come, of course. And we wonder if property rights are really safe? Damage so far from riots in 1967 is estimated at well over half a billion dollars; 80 killed, 3,000 injured, 7,000 arrested. We see nothing to make us believe there won't be more destruction next year. Riots in the summer of a presidential election will be something to write home about!

For it isn't property loss, after all, that is most costly. It is lost momentum, the diminution of moderates and the aggrandizement of extremists. It is the polarization of hate between White and Black.

Tax Fight

★ Two congressional groups ask concessions if they vote for Mr. Johnson's 10 percent surtax. Conservatives tell him to cut spending. Yes, knock four to eight billion off federal aid to the slums, they say, the poor, the children! Most of them know this isn't likely, but it makes a handy political excuse.

On the other hand, liberals say, why increase taxes when billions already escape through loopholes? We enthusiastically endorse tax reform. (We get more letters on the outrageous oil and similar tax escapes than almost any subject. It's a scandal.) But on the other hand it's hardly practical to hope that this action can soon be taken either.

There's a strong textbook case for the surtax to prevent inflation, and it is made in this issue of *The New Republic* by Joseph Pechman. Inflation is bad medicine for almost anybody. On this basis we should probably vote for the surtax. But there's a third element in the debate we haven't mentioned yet, and that is more emotional than the other two. Mr. Johnson has coupled the tax increase with escalation in Vietnam and said, or implied, that passage is a patriotic duty. We don't think this argument holds water. The troops will get support whether there's a surtax or not. And the reason for the surtax is to keep the economy under control not to fight the war.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 157 Number 13 Issue 2756 September 23, 1967*
Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1967 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-8
The Absent Consensus, "We Want a Winner," Ford Strike, McNamara's Line

Workers on the Farm
– *Nicholaus C. Mills* 9

The Talk of a "Greek Solution" for Vietnam
– *Andrew Hamilton* 10

Soul-Searching on Taxes
– *Joseph A. Pechman* 11

The Deadly Friendship
– *Dotson Rader* 13

Fake Panaceas for Ghetto Education
– *Robert Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew & Marshall Smith* 16

Scar-Spangled Banner
– *Stanley Kauffmann* 20

BOOKS – *Reviews and Poem by Robert Coles, Gerald Jonas, Alexander M. Bickel, Katherine Garrison Chapin* 21

CORRESPONDENCE 29

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Books and Arts Editor – Robert Evett
Associate Literary Editor – Stanley Kauffmann
Associate Editors – James Ridgeway, David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone
Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, Frederick Gutheim, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Pauline Kael, Andrew Kopkind

Publisher – Garth Hite
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

The Absent Consensus

Congress is back on the job, sort of, and some say the lights will be burning on Capitol Hill Christmas Eve. What will there be to show for it? It is stretching the truth to say that there was ever a firm consensus in the Congress for a Great Society. Nevertheless, in the 88th and 89th Congresses, White House legislative victories – considerable by comparison to what is now asked for or will be given – were rooted in majority sentiment in favor of civil rights, federal aid to education, medicare. The civil rights consensus, as TRB notes, went bust last year when Northern whites took alarm. Vietnam has done the rest. Today, there is no clear mandate from the voters either on welfare or war. The white middle class does not want its pocket picked for the poor, or its status jeopardized by Negro encroachments on white neighborhoods or white jobs. The legislators are not in a mood to underwrite better schools, farm subsidies or model cities – even though the major benefits from these programs would go to the middle class itself; and even though their total cost would be less than a year of the war in Asia, or about two-thirds of the estimated federal deficit.

The shots are being called by millions of relatively prosperous, white middle-class voters, the people the average members have been seeing on the street corners back home. These are the voters who wanted Adam Clayton Powell slapped down in January, who recoiled at the summer riots and would like to see somebody slapped down for those too. They don't want to support "free loaders" on welfare ("work or eat"). And they are beginning to be skeptical about a war in Asia which is taking more and more from them in men and dollars, without any dividend in sight. If the President wants more money for the war, let it come out of the hides of the poor.

Returning from their 10-day holiday spent listening to such complaints, congressmen are now told the White House is going to help them find their way through a long agenda of unfinished business. It is not an agenda that promises much for modernizing America. It does have on it a few rather pint-sized items, such as an increase in social security, a mini-"Model Cities" proposal, a $2.26 billion "war" on poverty, an extension of the Food Stamp program, and legislation strengthening the protection of civil rights workers. But even this bantam program strikes no fire in the heart of the prosperous white middle class. Such congressional approval as it gets will come only after prolonged grumbling and maneuvers by the do-little coalition to cut it to bits. Thus, Wilbur D. Mills (D, Ark.), chairman of the House

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ways and Means Committee and a man of stature among his colleagues (he is often mentioned as the next Speaker), announced a few days after Congress got back to Washington that a majority of his committee feels the White House hasn't made its case for a tax increase. Translated, that means that the white middle-class voter has made *his* case. Before the holiday, Chairman Mills had stood in the well of the House to assure Rep. H. R. Gross (R, Iowa) that House conferees would be "inflexible" in their support of new and harsh restrictions on aid to dependent children. It is a time of negatives – anti-riot, anti-welfare, anti-communism. President Johnson can ask for the moon (and get it, the space program will not starve), but he dare not ask or chooses not to ask for the tools with which to rehabilitate America. He hears from the same constituents as do the legislators. His requests are modest. Even so, he may be denied them in the coming months.

The best Administration strategy may be to write off the House for the moment – except for Chairman Mills and the tax bill. Reform-minded members of the House Democratic Study Group and their GOP friends in the "Wednesday Club" do not have the power to stem the present tide. The Senate is a little more promising from the President's point of view, but here too, White House leverage is not what it was two years ago. The top-heavy (now 64-36) Democratic majority has not been the same since the day LBJ traded his role as Majority Leader for the ceremonial post of Vice President. The fragmentation among the Democrats accelerates along with acceleration of the war, which has never been popular with the majority of the Senate. The man who replaced Johnson, Senator Mansfield, is a sympathetic figure but an organization man operating in circumstances far beyond his control; it is not he who sets the pace or the direction of his party. If the polls were favorable, Johnson's job would be easier. But they're not. Over one-third of the Democrats (23 of 64) are up for reelection next year, and most of them are already comparing their own popularity with that of LBJ in their home states, and calculating how far ahead of the national ticket they will have to run to survive.

Nevertheless, it is to the Senate that the Administration must turn if it is to salvage its minimum plans for urban ghettos, and at the same time frustrate such attempts as those to harden the rules on aid to the poor. It must win the Senate so it can extract as much as possible when Senate and House conferees gather behind closed doors to iron out their differences.

Simultaneously with the collapse of any consensus for domestic rehabilitation, a new Cold War wave may break over the Congress. Senator John Pastore (D, R.I.) is the latest to demand deployment of an anti-missile defense. The Administration has estimated the cost of the anti-ICBM defense, which it has been keeping on ice for several years, at $20 billion to $40 billion, but members of Pastore's own Joint Atomic Energy Committee say $100 billion is more realistic. Add that to the $24 or so billion a year for Vietnam, and the taxpayers have something more to be anxious about.

The first major, post-holiday test for Mr. Johnson may come on anti-poverty. Supporters feel they have the votes in the House, though that is "iffy" in this post-riot atmosphere. There will be a strong move in the House to dismantle Mr. Shriver's operation and farm it out to various agencies.

Then, the Senate Finance Committee must act on the social security and welfare bill. The Administration will be trying to regain some lost ground, particularly in respect to the restrictions on aid to dependent children, which if passed will cause new trouble in the ghettos. Strangely enough, the Administration has someone to deal with here – Senator Russell Long (D, La.), an erratic soul who made an ass of himself earlier in the year by his embrace of Tom Dodd, his wild flag waving for the war, and his stubborn, hopeless filibuster on the campaign expenditures bill. Senator Long just might want to quiet talk that "something should be done" about him by playing a more responsible role this fall and doing something nice, though modest, for the poor people at the same time.

The tax bill, however, is the key to the President's many-guns-and-a-little-butter policy. Here, he confronts head-on the growing disenchantment with the war, his consequent slippage in the polls and the demoralization of his party around the country. The white middle class was prepared to "fight communism" in Asia or anywhere else, so long as the casualty lists and the tax bills were not too high – and not theirs to pay. As the due bills mount, so does popular resistance, and that could accomplish something all the picketing, marches and slogans haven't been able to do: force the Administration to de-Americanize the war in Asia. How? By returning to the basic policy set by President Kennedy in September of 1963: "In the final analysis, it is their war [the Vietnamese]. They are the ones who have to win it or lose it. We can help them, we can give them equipment, we can send our men out there as advisers, but they have to win it, the people of Vietnam, against the communists."

It is not too much to hope that Mr. Johnson will seize that thought and act on it, but it is too much to expect. US military disengagement from this land war in Asia appears no more likely this year than does a full-hearted engagement by the American people in the war against poverty and racial discrimination at home. "There is no longer," as Walter Lippmann wrote many years ago, "a general understanding among civilized men: they cannot fall back upon a common allegiance to assuage their partisanship; they have no consensus of accepted ideas."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We Want a Winner"

LBJ has done the same thing for the Republicans this fall that Barry Goldwater did for the Democrats three years ago – unite them around a common cause; victory in the next elections. That was the tie that bound the GOP National Committee meeting in Washington, D. C., September 7-9, repeatedly expressed as "we want a winner."

Interestingly, it was the Republicans from the West and South who were the most emphatic about it, the very people whose ideological fire at similar meetings four years ago burned so fiercely they were anxious to purge all who did not share their passion. In state after state, they did just that at Republican conventions the following spring and summer. Now, as party officials, they're going to observe Parkinson's "11th commandment" and not rack any potential nominees; their states aren't going to be "handcuffed" at the state conventions that select delegates but will go "uninstructed"; and they want a balanced ticket – one from the Eastern moderate-to-liberal wing and one from the Southern and Western conservative camp. It is as if National Chairman Ray Bliss, the bricks and mortar man who eschews ideological arguments, has brainwashed everyone.

No one is making commitments. In a sense, that gives Richard Nixon – the sentimental favorite of many Southern, Western and Midwestern members – a temporary advantage. His potential supporters are ready to sit still long enough to let him show his stuff in the primaries. But, for attribution, they repeatedly warn: "Nixon has to win big in the primaries to eliminate the stigma he's a loser." Many of these potential supporters are increasingly attracted to Gov. Ronald Reagan of California and will, no doubt, move effortlessly into his camp if Nixon stumbles in the primaries.

So carefully are the amenities being observed that men who gouged for Goldwater four years ago and then kept book on any who failed to support the Goldwater-Miller ticket are solicitous toward Gov. George Romney of Michigan, who had a bad week after his confession that he was "brainwashed" on his '65 trip to Vietnam, and then was deserted by *The Detroit News*, which called on him to drop the race.

This new sense of unity started to develop in the fall of 1966 when GOP workers all over the country, convinced they were fighting with their backs to the wall, put aside policy differences in state after state to get out the maximum GOP vote. It worked. Some thought it worked too well. With all that new blood, surely there would follow the temptation to spill some in intraparty squabbling. So far, it hasn't happened.

There are still hurdles. Vietnam, for instance. The growing public impatience with that war is hurting LBJ in the polls, but the GOP has yet to take a stand. It could be torn apart by a struggle between those who see the promise of votes (and "a winner") in pulling away from the war and those like Governor Reagan, who last week called for "sharp escalation" and the application of all our "technological power . . . to win the war as quickly as possible."

But if party officials who met in Washington in early September have their way, there won't be a split. They are so intent on winning that Southern members didn't blanch at the thought of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller as their nominee – if he is balanced with Reagan.

Ford Strike

The Ford Motor Company, the nation's second largest corporation, does not run a sweatshop. Its 160,000 wage workers average more than $4.50 an hour; yet they are on strike. Their protest is not against the kind of exploitation out of which the labor movement was born, or the documented anomie of the assembly line. Affluent workers want to be more affluent. They argue, reasonably, that they should share in increased profits with Ford's management and stockholders (the company's profits amount to 20 percent of invested capital, productivity is up six percent, and Henry Ford II himself makes nearly $300 an hour based on 52 weeks of 40 hours). The workers won't settle for only slightly more than the 3.2 percent annual wage increase once considered reasonable by President Johnson and now universally ignored. Most recent industry settlements have amounted to five percent and the cost of living in Detroit is increasing at about four percent a year. Ford's offer would barely keep pace while denying its employees' claim to the fruits of rising productivity.

The demands of the striking United Auto Workers do not inspire zeal even among the strikers themselves (who walk picket lines reluctantly and wouldn't dream of clobbering a strikebreaker). A long strike at Ford, followed by one at GM, would mean evaporation of wage gains regardless of the final settlement, a slowdown of the economy. The consumer, who has his own problems, will pay the price in the new Mustang he planned to buy; some dealers are already raising new car prices a hundred dollars against anticipated losses during the strike.

The New York Times last week pictured Henry Ford as a multiple personality. He is Henry the jet-set swinger, Henry the businessman of action, and Henry the man of social conscience (rebuilding Detroit, the Urban Coalition). Since the strike began, the second personality has been in the forefront. Auto workers want a six-percent wage settlement; Mr. Ford will stand for only four. Hitching wages to productivity and salaries-cum-bonus of the managers is not the kind of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social service he likes. Mr. Reuther, for his part, knows that no labor leader can hold his own, or go forward in the labor movement, by too modest demands or without tangible gains.

Everybody correctly predicted no early settlement would prevent a strike, and once it had begun both sides were so sure no agreement would be forthcoming that they didn't bother to schedule meetings until the second week. The strikers hope that once people start buying those new '68 cars of Ford's competitors the company might reconsider its stand that sharing more of the wealth is out of the question. The company worders how long workers can live on $20-$30 a week in strike pay while losing $5.2 million a day in wages.

Ford is fat enough to starve for a while. But when it does capitulate, the price will be higher-priced cars (which Ford *could* afford to reduce) and inflation. The settlement will set a precedent and so will the compensating rise in prices. And Lyndon Johnson has already demonstrated he's chary of trying to force price rollbacks in big industries.

McNamara's Line

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara has made it official: the United States will begin operating late this year or early in 1968 a barrier of complex electronic detection devices, barbed wire mines, men and artillery in Vietnam. The announcement was calculated to stop public speculation on the new "anti-infiltration system," on grounds that further discussion would give "military assistance" to North Vietnam. A great deal of information on the barrier had already been published, however (see "Vietnam – Fencing in the North" by Andrew Hamilton in the July 8 *New Republic*). The barrier is designed to detect and help hold back small-scale, not large-scale, movements of men and supplies from the North. It will bear no resemblance to the heavily fortified Maginot Line.

McNamara speaks of recent work to clear a 15-mile strip of jungle just south of the demilitarized zone between North and South, implying that this will be the first leg of the line; thence it will go across the 40 miles from the South China Sea to Laos. It is less clear whether the barrier will be extended into Laos, through which North Vietnam's major infiltration trails run, or carried south along the border to interrupt the trails where they debouch into South Vietnam from Laos and Cambodia. The government of Laos is on record as opposing an anti-infiltration barrier on its territory, but since it has quietly approved other allied operations there, the possibility of tacit Laotian cooperation remains. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D, Mont.), usually no advocate of violating another country's neutrality, said a few hours before McNamara's announcement that he favored a defensive barrier "built across Vietnam just south of the demilitarized zone and extended across Laos to Thailand as an alternative to an extension of the war in Asia in consequence of ever-expanding aerial bombardment."

The hopeful aspect of the barrier plan is that it could permit a deescalation of bombing raids against the North, and perhaps a bombing pause during which peace talks could begin, by throwing up a new impediment against North Vietnam's taking advantage of a bombing pause to increase its effort in the South. But McNamara has been careful not to suggest that the barrier would substitute for bombing; its purpose "will be consistent with those of our air campaign against the lines of communication [and] help impede the flow of men and supplies into South Vietnam." He adds that *no* obstacle system can stop the infiltration.

The military are skeptical of the barrier and can be counted on to resist any bombing pause. In any event, the McNamara Line can do little to improve the situation in South Vietnam, where the "pacification" war against the National Liberation Front is doing little more than holding its own. The only sense the barrier makes in this senseless war is as a device for bolstering the confidence of officials in Saigon and Washington in the stability of a negotiated partition of Vietnam.

"Good fences make good neighbors, I always say."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Workers on the Farms

Because agricultural workers are excluded from the protection of the National Labor Relations Act, a farm union in its preliminary negotiations with an employer must struggle not only for improved wages and better working conditions but for recognition, a right which unions in virtually every other industry can assume. Under these circumstances each time a farm workers union and an employer sign a contract, the union has won a victory, for it has changed the labor-management conditions that govern agribusiness.

In the case of Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO), the major problem is still organizing non-union workers where scab labor is plentiful and blacklists and arbitrary firings are common. Thus, a "good" UFWOC contract, one which increases its industrywide bargaining position, can be an economically bad agreement or it may be an economically advantageous one.

July 31, UFWOC and Almaden Vineyards Inc. put into effect the most lucrative labor agreement in American agriculture. In an industry in which the standard non-union wage is $1.40 per hour and workers have no health programs, pension plans, or paid vacations, Almaden agreed to pay its field labor $1.80 per hour ($2 by 1969), contribute to a benefits program for its employees, and give paid vacations of up to five days in length. Yet, as auspicious as it was, the Almaden contract was not more important than the worst contract in UFWOC's history, the July 25th pact with Perelli-Minetti and Sons. For while in its contract with Perelli-Minetti, producers of Tribuno Vermouth, Ambassador Wine, and Aristocrat Brandy, UFWOC granted concessions which cannot be renegotiated until April 1969 (it accepted a $1.60 hourly wage, weak grievance procedures, and company control over work pace and performance), it also made three points about itself: (1) it cannot be defeated by a rival union; (2) it has the endurance and the organizational capacity to win any strike it undertakes; (3) it knows the strategic moment for signing a contract.

From the outset of the strike with Perelli-Minetti, the greatest threat to the union was not from Perelli-Minetti but from the Western Conference of Teamsters, which signed a "sweetheart" contract with the company only nine days after the grape pickers left the fields and asked UFWOC to represent them. For the teamsters such an agreement carried with it numerous advantages. It gave them much earlier control over Perelli-Minetti products, and it assured their drivers and their warehouse employees protection from a strike in a related industry. For the farm workers, on the other hand, the teamster challenge was not simply a threat to their future plans, it was a threat to their existence. If the teamsters could dominate workers who had asked UFWOC to represent them, or if growers in a labor dispute with UFWOC could make a "sweetheart" agreement whenever they chose, then the farm workers were finished as a union.

Fortunately for the farm workers, UFWOC proved not only that it represented the workers in the field; it showed strength in areas which the teamsters supposedly controlled (for example, the cannery industry). As a result, a jurisdictional agreement between the Western Conference of Teamsters and UFWOC became advantageous to both. For the teamsters it ended a losing venture that was expensive and internally divisive (a number of their California members supported the farm workers). For UFWOC, on the other hand, the agreement provided a future ally as well as help in the Perelli-Minetti strike.

Almost as important as UFWOC's ability to maintain its hegemony within labor circles was the strength it showed in carrying out a strike when its resources were strained (at the time of the Perelli-Minetti strike UFWOC was actively engaged in recognition battles with two other employers). Staffed mainly by strikers who receive $5 a week plus food and shelter, UFWOC's organizers were able to fend off a rival union and develop a boycott in which 1,200 stores, plus the Purity and Thrifty food chains, removed Perelli-Minetti products from their shelves.

The fact that a majority of farm workers in California are Mexican-Americans and are without previous union experience and live on incomes which are normally marginal (in California agricultural workers average about $2,000 a year) did not prove a liability. UFWOC's charge that Perelli-Minetti had acted in bad faith was supported by the committee of clergy who took part in the negotiations. In a press release which followed the last unsuccessful meeting between UFWOC and Perelli-Minetti, Rabbi Joseph Glaser, chairman of the clergy committee, denounced the company's "delaying tactics" and refusal "to negotiate in good faith." If under these circumstances UFWOC had decided to press for a more favorable contract, it would have been understandable in view of the time and the money which the strike cost. Yet, in pragmatic terms the union had little to gain from a renewed fight. It had demonstrated its inner strength, and wisely it turned to the strike it is now fighting, a dispute with Giumarra Vineyards and two lesser Giumarra companies, which do a combined business of at least $14-million annually and employ an estimated 2,500 workers during harvest. In this strike the union has far more at stake (at its peak Perelli-Minetti never employed more than 200 farm workers) and has been acting accordingly. The strike against Giumarra, which began August 3, brought at least 75 percent of the workers out of the fields.

Nicolaus C. Mills

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Talk of a "Greek Solution" for Vietnam

Guardedly, but deliberately, the Administration has let it be known that it would agree to a Vietnam settlement which allows the National Liberation Front to operate as a political party in the South, although preferably under a different name. As described by various State Department officials, this could happen if the Viet Cong were to accept a minority position and lay down their arms, and if the military forces of North Vietnam are withdrawn. That's asking more than is likely to be given, but it at least implies direct negotiations between political representatives of the Front and the government in Saigon. Privately, some American officials have been saying for some time that such negotiations are the best hope for ending the war. They do not have in mind, however, a "coalition government," the communists in important national executive positions. They merely hold out the possibility that a de facto communist political party could be free to contest elections. Should the elections return a communist-dominated government at some future date, the US is prepared to accept this outcome, Ambassador Averell Harriman said in a television interview last February.

For the past year the Administration has been tugging the South Vietnamese leadership toward a more lenient attitude to dissident Southern elements in the Hanoi-led opposition. The results are mixed. Last spring, after more than six months of quiet pressure from Washington, the National Leadership Committee, dominated by Generals Thieu and Ky, issued a Reconciliation Proclamation offering protection and full civil rights, including the right to run for political office, to individuals who left the Front or its military arm, the Viet Cong or People's Liberation Army. The proclamation stated that these individuals must cut their communist ties, but even so it was less rigid than the constitution and national election laws drafted by the Constituent Assembly earlier in the year. For instance, Article IV of the constitution states that the Republic of Vietnam opposes communism in all forms, and prohibits every activity designed to propagate or implement communism.

The late-blooming peace talk during the recent presidential election campaign is looked upon by American officials as a healthy sign; a year ago, South Vietnamese who mentioned peace or negotiations ran the danger of being branded pro-communist.

The talk of peace in South Vietnam, as well as election promises of social reforms by the various candidates, has drawn from the National Liberation Front a revised political platform, broadcast in English by Radio Hanoi on September 1. Among its new provisions is the Front's version of a National Reconciliation Program. This offers fair treatment and full rights to all South Vietnamese who join the Front in "fighting against the United States to save the country," including members of the South Vietnamese armed forces and "functionaries of the puppet administration." For the first time, in this document, the Front offers "to hold free general elections, to elect the national assembly in a really democratic way in accordance with the principle of universal, equal, direct suffrage and secret ballot."

However, the program does not promise the election of a president or chief executive, but rather "a national union democratic government." It does not say what the relationship would be between this government and the elected assembly. It does not mention regular elections, and apparently the national assembly would not only draft the constitution but would remain in office after it had been promulgated. The Front's program, in the opinion of Administration experts, is unabashedly a "campaign" document, not a negotiating paper. (The Front claims to have "liberated" 80 percent of South Vietnam's territory "with two-thirds of its population.") A representative of the Front in Hanoi reportedly told a Philippine newsman in mid-September that the National Liberation Front will not deal with the newly elected government of South Vietnam "under any circumstance."

The State Department puts South Vietnam's population at 17 million, of which 3.7 million live in cities. There are various ways of estimating how much of the population holds allegiance to Saigon rather than to the Front. The statistics favored by the Administration are drawn from voter registration figures. Starting with the premise that 50 percent of the nation's population is of voting age, 18 years old and up, the Administration calculates that 70 percent of the nation's eligible voters are registered. (The figure for registrants is 5.85-million, of which 4.87 million voted this month.) But the remaining 30 percent are not voluntarily or involuntarily under the Front, officials claim, pointing out that the percentage of registrants is lower in the cities controlled by Saigon than it is in the countryside. Another, more controversial measure of Viet Cong strength is provided by the monthly Hamlet Evaluation Survey, in which American (not Vietnamese) officers rate each of 12,500 hamlets in the country according to the degree of Viet Cong influence. The results of the survey are not supposed to be made public, but in August *The New York Times* obtained official figures from the May survey, which show the Viet Cong to be strong in about 6,600 of the 12,500 hamlets, with a population of about 5.2 million, or nearly 30 percent of the nation's population. Hard-core Viet Cong control was found in 4,000 hamlets with 3 million population.

Either set of figures gives the Saigon government at least a 2-to-1 edge in population. But when it is con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sidered that many hamlets under nominal government control have strong Viet Cong cells, that the total number of hamlets requiring "pacification" work approaches 10,000, and that for the past two years the pacification program has gone forward in barely 1,000 hamlets, it is easy to understand the prediction, that it could take 10 to 20 years to eliminate the Viet Cong apparatus in the countryside.

It is at this point that the Administration's habit of thinking by analogy complicates matters. The currently fashionable phrase for an acceptable political outcome of the war is "the Greek solution." The reference is not to the recent putsch, but to the emergence of a communist-dominated Greek political party in the years following the collapse of the KKE guerrilla movement in 1949. This party, the EDA, began contesting elections in 1956. It gathered in nearly 25 percent of the vote in 1958, but its strength dwindled to a shade under 12 percent of the vote in 1964. Now, of course, it has been swept away, along with the non-communist democratic left. Quite aside from the unfortunate connotations of the analogy (Greece, became an ally of the US, subsequently fell victim to a coup by reactionary military officers trained in the United States and equipped with American weapons – not a parallel that would appeal to Hanoi), the Greek example carries with it the assumption that the rural rebellion in Vietnam can be crushed, as was the KKE once the Yugoslavian border was closed to it. The communist-dominated political party which supplanted the KKE after the civil war drew its strength from the urban laboring class, while the Viet Cong strength is in the countryside. Nevertheless, our officials draw back from the idea that the National Liberation Front should be allowed to keep its political apparatus in the hamlets where its rule is dominant, even provided the Front undertakes not to spread its rule by force. The dynamic of the Front, or at least of the People's Revolutionary Party, which is the communist and major component of the Front, will require it to continue armed struggle, our officials say. If that is so, there appears little hope of ending the civil war in the South until one or the other side is broken.

Andrew Hamilton

Soul-Searching on Taxes

The President first called attention to the probable need for a tax increase this year in his January budget and economic messages. The economic profile of the year has been unusual, and so there has been more than a bit of confusion about his proposal to increase income taxes 10 percent across the board.

On the whole, the standard forecasts of economists have been about right so far. Nine months ago, they were saying that the first half of the year would be sluggish, and that the economy would expand in the second half. There were differences of opinion about amounts, but these were relatively unimportant in relation to the basic economic picture that was projected.

Now that we know more definitely how much more the Vietnam war will cost this fiscal year, the forecasters seem to have been conservative. The economy has come through a trying period in very good shape. Unemployment is at the lowest level in over a decade, corporate profits and business investment have fallen very little. Consumer and government demand are at absolute peak levels and are continuing to rise. Total expenditures of consumers, business and government have increased at least $15 billion a quarter since the beginning of the year. Residential construction is moving up, and the period of inventory adjustment is at, or near, termination. In these circumstances, the growth of demand will soon begin to exceed $15 billion a quarter by a substantial and increasing margin. No reputable economist believes an advance of more than $60 billion a year can be sustained when the economy is so close to capacity, without running the danger of overheating. The growth of demand needs to be moderated to avoid the distortions and injustices which the resulting price increases are bound to create.

Economists are concerned about the future because prices will rise sharply if taxes aren't increased, not because the prospective deficit happens to turn out to be a particularly high number. The impending federal deficit is undesirable because it implies that net government demand will be rising; placed on top of a private economy which is already moving upward, it will likely increase prices. A tax increase would be needed in the circumstances now projected for the months ahead *even if the budget were running a surplus.*

There are also two other persuasive arguments supporting a prompt tax hike. Tax policy is only one of three general instruments available to the government to help maintain economic stability: the other two are monetary policy and expenditure policy. Anybody who follows Washington closely knows that, if taxes are not raised, the monetary authorities will again be forced to apply a tight squeeze on money and credit, and the President will be forced to retrench on urgent federal civilian programs to a degree that would have undesir-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able consequences for the welfare of important groups and for the nation as a whole.

First, without a tax increase, the job of curbing aggregate demand will be left to monetary and credit policies of the Federal Reserve. A large Treasury deficit, coinciding with increased business loan demand, would impose a severe strain on money markets in any event. Given the economic outlook, the Federal Reserve will act decisively to slow the growth of bank credit and bank deposits unless taxes are raised.

The experience during 1966 amply demonstrates what tight money really means. In the first half of the year, business demand for credit was extraordinary and, as the year wore on, the Federal Reserve increasingly applied the brakes to monetary expansion. Interest rates rose sharply. Banks bid aggressively for time and savings deposits, and savings and loan associations saw their deposits dry up. As a result, acquisitions of mortgages by these associations during the second half of 1966 fell to a mere $0.8 billion (seasonally adjusted annual rate), less than 10 percent of what they had been in the last half of 1965.

The economic situation that lies ahead is not identical to that of 1966, but the similarities are clear enough. Without a tax increase there will be another episode of tight money, another credit crunch that will threaten the stability of financial markets, and another squeeze on the housing industry.

Second, this President – or any President for that matter – will not sit idly by as the inflationary consequences of inaction on the tax front materialize. The budget he will be forced to submit in January, if there is no tax increase, will represent harsh compromises among priority needs, with the result that essential civilian programs will be held to unacceptable levels. There is right now a strong sentiment to cut the budget in order to avoid a tax increase; certainly, efforts to enforce strict economy and efficiency in government should never be relaxed. But efficiency is *not* synonymous with budget cutting. Many programs that can be cut in the short run ought not to be – *e.g.*, education, urban development and housing, poverty. On the other hand, much lower priority programs – *e.g.*, some agricultural programs, public works, highways, the space program, and the supersonic transport – do not lend themselves to abrupt curtailment or deferment. Nor is there any evidence that Congress is likely to approve reductions in these lower priority programs.

Given these facts of life, the resources needed for essential civilian programs must be obtained by curtailing private expenditures, and that means increasing taxes on incomes of individuals and businesses. After a summer of riots in many of our major cities, it would be foolish to single out the nation's welfare and poverty programs as targets for budget cuts. The urban crisis demands attention even though we are fighting a war. To expect the poor, deprived and disadvantaged people of the country to pay for the war is unfair; it is also unwise, in the light of the grave social issues involved, to frustrate this large segment of our society.

The 10 percent surtax meets practically all the requirements for quick action in the Congress: it's fair, simple, and easily understood. To avoid unnecessary taxes on the poor, single people earning less than $1,900 annually and married couples earning less than $5,000 would be exempt.

The one drawback is that the surtax keeps the tax law exactly as it is today, which means that those who already enjoy enough loopholes to avoid paying tax won't pay the surtax either. The Administration says that it will send up a tax reform bill as soon as the surtax is through Congress. But enough representatives and senators are unhappy about the existing state of affairs to make trouble.

The Administration could solve its problems by a simple device: enact a minimum tax of 10 percent on the *total* income received by an individual, whether it is all taxable today or not. This way, everybody will have to kick in something to pay for the war. But it's practically certain that nothing like this will get through. The loophole closers will make a great deal of noise, but they don't have the votes.

Chairman Wilbur Mills and his colleagues on the House Ways and Means Committee, which originates tax legislation, have bottled up the bill temporarily hoping that the inflation problem will somehow disappear. But every new economic statistic confirms that the economy is in for trouble. Last week, we learned that retail sales had increased one percent in August alone and that business already is planning a five percent increase in investment. Congressmen will kick like steers, delay action as long as possible, and may trim the surtax somewhat. But it's a good bet that taxes are going up at the turn of the year by at least eight percent.

JOSEPH A. PECHMAN

MR. PECHMAN *is director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution.*

COMING: *Black control of the cities and the federal effort to head it off*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Deadly Friendship

George Lincoln Rockwell and John Patler

by Dotson Rader

I met George Lincoln Rockwell for the first time in 1964, and I was to know him until his death.

To obtain the unlisted telephone number of Nazi Party Headquarters in Arlington I had called the FBI and told them I was a stringer for *The Chicago Tribune.* They gave me the number; also advice, which I ignored. I phoned the party headquarters and identified myself. The Nazi on the other end invited me to Arlington, after I had assured him I was neither a Jew nor a communist.

At that time the party was established in a small, frame house on a back street in a poor section of Arlington. It has since been padlocked by the Internal Revenue Service. Above the door was written, in large red letters: NO TRESPASSING. DOGS AND JEWS WILL BE SHOT. I noticed heavy steel screens on all the windows. At the back was a door leading to a small printing room for the Nazi "propaganda ministry." Immediately opposite the entrance to the main room was a table covered with red bunting behind which hung a Nazi flag. On the table was a brass cross desecrated by a swastika attached to its center. To each side of the cross stood a red vigil light. Nazi weddings were performed here. I had a sudden feeling of displacement, similar to the feeling I had had when visiting a state mental asylum in the Middle West.

As I entered the room, a thin, wiry man wearing a Nazi arm band asked me what the hell I wanted. I told him I had a scheduled interview with Mr. Rockwell. "Commander Rockwell," he said. He gave me several copies of *Storm Trooper,* the party organ, and told me to sit down and read them. The only item I clearly remember was a picture of a handsome young man, dressed in an American Nazi uniform, smiling proudly at a baby in his arms. The caption said that he had named his child Horst Wessel after the first German Nazi "martyr." The father cradling his son in his arms was John Patler, who was later to be arrested on the charge of murdering Rockwell and who is now undergoing psychiatric examination.

George Lincoln Rockwell came into the room. He wore no Nazi insignia. He was tall, darkly handsome, with intense, deeply set eyes. He seemed tired and preoccupied and not a little disappointed upon noticing my youth. He rather sarcastically asked if I were the "reporter from Chicago." He shook his head incredulously and directed me to a chair near the front window. He pulled up a chair for himself. We talked.

He was inordinately self-confident, almost smug, and had an obvious pride in his physical condition, claiming, as he often did, that there was not a man alive who could beat him in a fair fight. Except when he touched on Jews or Negroes or such fantasies as mongrelization and international conspiracies, he could be reasonably coherent. His language was as violent as his dreams. He would babble on about the desire of Jews and Negroes to violate "Aryan womanhood." He took pleasure in describing explicitly the manner of the intended sexual attack, giving his prophecy the intense vividness of a personal sexual fantasy. He enjoyed telling tales of the sexual endowment of non-Aryans, speaking in gross exaggeration and, I think, a bit in envy.

Two years later in New York he would talk to me about his past and his marriages, but on that first day in Arlington, he spoke mainly of his destiny, spinning out his mad hope of a coming Armageddon where the West and East would clash in history's last battle, producing victory for white Christian civilization. And after would come the racial cleansing, the golden peace, the snow white kingdom.

I remember his sympathy for the Kennedy family, his hatred of Oswald, his firm belief that he too would be cut down by a Marxist sniper's gun. He was obsessed by his own dying, by the conviction of an inescapable martyrdom.

When we finished talking Rockwell took me on a tour of the building, pointing out various World War II mementos; he bragged about his naval record and his recent heroism in the face of Zionist attacks. He introduced me to several party members, among them John Patler.

With one exception, I did not see Rockwell again until February 1966, when, as chairman of Humanitas, a student committee at Columbia University that ar-

---

MR. RADER, *who graduated last year from Columbia University, is at work on a novel.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranged speakers, films and other events for the student body, I found myself in charge of Rockwell's visit to Columbia, scheduled for the evening of February 9 in McMillin Theatre. (We had brought Gus Hall, head of the Communist Party in the USA earlier in the year.)

"I Can't Chance Coming"

Columbia's administration at first went along with us reluctantly; but, as the day of his appearance neared, its support waned and I was called in for conferences in the vice president's office to see if there were some way for Humanitas and the university to back down without losing face. There was no way.

It was during the last week of January that I first heard of the alleged arrest warrant against Rockwell. It grew out of a complaint against him by a Jewish war veteran who charged that Rockwell wanted him cremated. I called Rockwell. He assured me it was false.

About one week before the meeting I began getting threatening phone calls. I had the phone number changed and the number unlisted.

John Patler arrived in New York on February 8 and came to my apartment to discuss the arrangements. Patler is small, dark haired, with large, mild brown eyes and a warm, boyish smile. He looked about 10 years younger than he actually was. He was soft-spoken and intelligent. I mentioned the threats I had received. He asked if I were a conservative. I replied no, quite the contrary. "Why then," he asked, "did you invite the commander to New York?" I gave the standard reply about defending every citizen's right to free speech. But having heard it all before he interrupted me to ask if I did not know that when the commander came to power it would be precisely people like me who would have to be lined against the wall. No, I said, I didn't know that, but, in any case, I was glad to be warned. I told him that if his party came within serious reach of power I expected I would risk my life to prevent it. I was dead serious, but he only looked skeptical and laughed.

We agreed that the fee ($200) would be paid in advance before the meeting, that no pickets would be allowed in the auditorium and that a student would introduce the speaker.

The phone rang as Patler was about to leave. It was Rockwell calling from Arlington to cancel his appearance. He had been called by a "contact" in the New York Police Department who told him that the arrest warrant was, in fact, still in existence and, more importantly, that there was a determination to serve it. "The Jew vets," Rockwell said, "are out to get my ass. I can't chance coming."

I could not get him to change his mind. But Patler talked to him, telling him how much his message was needed in New York, how it would be an inspiration to all the people who, in their hearts, believed in him. Finally he put it on a personal level and said that Rockwell owed it to him since he was willing to die to protect his commander. Rockwell gave in (having asked specifically that his ushers be blond – which Rockwell was not).

Patler confronted me with several more demands: that Rockwell have an attorney before his arrival in case of immediate arrest; that we get official confirmation of the warrant's existence and the intention to serve it; and, lastly, that we agree to an acceptable plan for getting Rockwell into McMillin Theatre without a confrontation with the police. "If he's to be arrested," Patler said, "let's have it on TV."

Patler left to check with the police and I called the officer in charge of Columbia's security and made several changes in the plans for spiriting Rockwell into McMillin through various tunnels without police discovery. I also informed him that Rockwell, rather than going to the Astor Hotel as planned, would come to my apartment. I asked him to keep that information confidential. I then telephoned 20 lawyers, at least. I could retain none of them. Only one bothered to explain his reluctance: he couldn't afford the publicity.

I saw Patler again that evening. The police denied knowledge of an arrest warrant and I received assurances from the office of the Jewish War Veterans that the warrant was no longer in existence.

With the day's planning finished, Patler talked for a while about his life and his relationship with Rockwell. Patler grew up in an Italian ghetto in New York, surrounded by Negroes, then Puerto Ricans. Through his late teens, until he joined the Marines, he considered himself a conservative. I got the impression that he did not take all of national socialism seriously. I don't know what made someone like Patler play aide to a second-rate fuehrer, but it seemed closely involved with the darkness and duplicity needed to hide the man from himself.

He always spoke in praise of Rockwell, hailing his physical courage and his adament single-mindedness. He believed the commander would be elected President in 1972 and that he, Patler, would be his right-hand man in building the New Order. I think he loved Rockwell passionately, drawn to him by an irrational loyalty that caused him to leave his wife and children once his friend had convinced him that they were damaging his usefulness. He also changed his name at the commander's insistence.

He had given up much to follow his leader. His constant attack against homosexuals and his fear of their infiltration of the Nazi Party made me at once suspect the nature of his emotional dependency. This suspicion was reinforced by the transformation in him when he was with Rockwell and his claim, that evening and during the next day, that when the commander took

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power the first item of business would be the systematic confinement of all homosexuals. "Maybe we'll let the Storm Troopers use them," he said. There was something childlike in his devotion and his jealousy of other party members. He was not at peace away from Rockwell. Much as a quiet, timid boy becomes infatuated with the athlete, Patler was infatuated with the commander.

Never once, when we were alone, did Patler make a racist remark. Only with Rockwell would he adopt the bravado and the intemperance of his friend. Even then, I think that he was very concerned that we see Rockwell as he did, that we understand that much of what Rockwell said was bluff. But when people did take them seriously, they found themselves trapped in their own game, which they could neither win nor abandon. They were condemned to strut until they dropped.

Waiting for Rockwell

At 5 p.m. on February 9, we picked up Patler, who was excited about seeing the commander again and about the evening's meeting. He had spent the morning checking around town to see what groups would be protesting. There would be many; he was delighted.

On the way to Newark Airport he mentioned that he had been threatened with expulsion from the party several months before but that Rockwell had relented. "I disagreed with some of his statements, his approach. But I was wrong."

We arrived at Newark 15 minutes early. Rockwell did not appear. I called Arlington and was told that he was delayed in a congressional hearing and would arrive on a later plane.

We went to the coffee shop, rather than the bar, since Patler was not allowed to drink. He told about the times he had been beaten up, and the times he had been jailed, and about driving the Hate Bus through the South and being arrested in New Orleans and being attacked in the jailhouse, and about crying when he saw the commander again.

I asked him how he earned a living. He said the party gave him some money and that he did odd printing jobs on the side.

At about 8 o'clock Rockwell appeared, strutted up jauntily, dressed in an English style raincoat and dark glasses, with his corncob pipe in hand. He ignored Patler at first, greeted me, introduced himself to the others saying, "I'm Rockwell," in a strong voice. Then he turned to Patler and said, "How's it going, John?" Patler smiled and said nothing.

We drove into New York, crossing the bridge without incident. "If they don't nab us on the bridge it's a green light all the way," Rockwell said. He was wrong, but we didn't know that at the time. On the way to my apartment Rockwell talked about the "international Jewish conspiracy" and our duty as whites to stand up against the Kuhn Loeb banking interests. He said he would give them hell at the university. Just before we arrived in Manhattan, Rockwell asked for the money. I gave him the check. He handed it to Patler. Then he asked about the attorney. I said that no one would take the job.

"Stop the fucking car!" he shouted.

"No," Patler said, "I'll get Berger if anything happens." (Martin Berger is an American Civil Liberties Union attorney, Jewish.)

We parked the car a block from my apartment house and took Rockwell in through the basement and up to the seventeenth floor. My apartment was on the floor below. Patler went downstairs while we waited in the stairwell. When he said, "the coast's all clear," we went downstairs and into the apartment.

There were a few people already there, my roommate and several friends, and one of Rockwell's Nazis from the New York area. They immediately secreted themselves in one of the bedrooms.

I left with Tom Seligson, who acted as treasurer for Humanitas, and went up to Columbia. I had difficulty getting to McMillin Theatre because of the crowds of protestors camped outside. Once making it through to the entrance of the theatre I could not get the security guard to let me in. It was unimportant, anyway. Rockwell at that moment was being arrested in the hall outside my apartment. One of the students, Brian Flanagan, tried to tackle one of the detectives to prevent the arrest, but Rockwell stopped him. According to Flanagan, Patler was hysterical, screaming, "If you touch him, I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you."

Brian came immediately to Columbia and told me of the arrest. Patler called and said he would speak in his fuehrer's place. But it was too late. Vice President Chamberlain canceled the meeting upon learning of the arrest, saying that "no Nazi is going to speak in my building."

Rockwell appeared before a Negro judge with Berger acting as defense attorney. A hearing was set for some time in March, bail was posted and Rockwell was released.

I saw neither of them again but talked three times with Rockwell on the phone, the last time in February of this year. He was encouraged by the urban race riots and was looking forward to even greater disturbances. "Chicago will be our first city. We'll control it in two years."

I inquired about Patler and asked Rockwell to greet him for me. "If he's still around," Rockwell replied. "Don't know about that guy, lots of queer ideas in his head. Maybe he'll leave me, what d'you think?"

And telling me for the last time to fight on for race and nation he hung up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fake Panaceas for Ghetto Education

A Reply to Joseph Alsop

by Robert Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew & Marshall Smith

America has educationally failed fourteen generations of Negro Americans, and has paid a high price for this failure. Currently, the nation is failing to educate the fifteenth generation, and the price in human tragedy promises to be even greater. *The New Republic* readers recently (July 22) received the benefit of Joseph Alsop's thinking on this subject. Stripped of its rhetoric, Alsop's argument reduces to six central propositions:

(1) Negro children are not being adequately educated in America's schools.

(2) Effective action must be initiated at once to correct this situation.

(3) Ending *de facto* segregation is a "virtuous incantation" which cannot be a solution for many reasons. First, desegregation is not going to happen, "at any rate for a long time to come." Second, major federal studies which suggest the efficacy of interracial education in a variety of settings are either "extremely deficient" as in the case of the US Office of Education's monumental "Coleman Report," or "shocking," as in the case of the US Commission on Civil Rights' report on *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools*. Third, when Negroes are "unprepared" for desegregation, school quality goes "to Hell in a hack." Consequently, "unprepared desegregation" drives white parents to the suburbs, creates more school segregation, and causes our central cities to become increasingly Negro.

(4) "Brilliant Negro achievements is *[sic]* the answer." Only when Negro American achievements, as in athletics and the army, are conspicuous can white Americans accept desegregation.

(5) And brilliant Negro achievements will come only with quality ghetto education. Racially separate schools can do the job if only educators would take the newspaperman's advice and follow "a series of steps of the most ABC simplicity." These steps are demonstrated by the "complete victory" of New York City's "More Effective Schools" (MES) program.

(6) As to costs, only "a monster" would deny funds to such a reasonably reliable "cancer cure" as MES.

Few would contest Alsop's first two propositions: a majority of Negro children *are* being cheated out of their American birthright to a full public education; and massive corrective action *is* desperately required. But from this point on he loses the thread.

The desegregation of the nation's public schools is indeed a slow process as long as the necessary structural changes, such as metropolitan consolidation, are not achieved. Although Alsop pays lip service to interracial education as "the ideal solution," his article resists these structural changes by obscuring them. For example, he asserts educational consolidation in metropolitan Washington would require a constitutional amendment. This is absurd, for effective consolidation by no means necessitates a single metropolitan school district as initial efforts in Boston, Hartford, and Rochester demonstrate. Admittedly, metropolitan consolidation is politically difficult to achieve, but the federal government could encourage it in education as it has effectively done in other realms through multi-district funding incentives. In any event, Alsop worries that any pursuit of desegregation will deter his version of "the practical solution." Instead, we worry that Alsop is supplying the self-fulfilling rationale for racially segregated schools "for years to come."

No studies are definitive, nor do the Coleman and Civil Rights Commission reports claim to be final. But no fair-minded observer can pass off the second largest study of American education as "extremely deficient" without a full explanation. Nor could such an observer attack the Commission monograph with libelous charges without detailed elaboration. Apparently, Alsop is peeved that the MES program was not included in the report on *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools*. Had he the courtesy to call down the street to the Commission staff, he would have learned the reasons: the first long-term evaluation of MES appeared too late for inclusion in the Commission report; and, as we shall note below, neither the mode of operation nor the test data of MES are basically different from compensatory programs which are described in the study.

Most serious of all is Alsop's implication that the report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights is racist, that it maintains if you "put Negro with Negro, you get stupidity." If Alsop eventually reads the report, he will encounter the following rejoinder from Commissioner Frankie M. Freeman:

> "The question is not whether in theory or in the abstract Negro schools can be as good as white

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schools. In a society free from prejudice in which Negroes were full and equal participants, the answer would clearly be 'Yes.' But we are forced, rather, to ask the harder question, whether in our present society, where Negroes are a minority which has been discriminated against, Negro children can prepare themselves to participate effectively in society if they grow up and go to school in isolation from the majority group. We must also ask whether we can cure the disease of prejudice and prepare all children for life in a multiracial world if white children grow up and go to school in isolation from Negroes."

Alsop would also discover the Commission finding that white children in mixed, predominantly white schools perform as well as those in all-white schools. He will learn, too, that only about one in 25 white suburbanites gives racial problems in central city schools as his reason for moving. Our largest cities are becoming increasingly Negro not because whites move to the suburbs at rates similar to those of other industrial nations, but because Negroes are not free to move with them.

Fortunately, neither Washington nor New York are prototypes of American cities. Urban areas with smaller ghettos can often desegregate without suburban cooperation – as Providence, Berkeley, White Plains, and Evanston illustrate. Cities with large ghettos, of course, pose the major difficulties. But metropolitan and public-private cooperation could do the job. Negroes comprise approximately the same percentage of metropolitan areas as they do in the entire nation – roughly 11 percent. And the six cities Alsop compares with Washington all have large Roman Catholic school systems that currently absorb large percentages of their school-aged whites. "The ideal solution" of desegregation *can* be accomplished but not by abandoning the goal and cursing reports which demonstrate its necessity.

Alsop's "brilliant Negro achievement" theory is an insult to the millions of Negro Americans who *have* achieved. Many achieving Negroes have painfully learned, however, that racial discrimination is still a part of their American experience. And this recipe for improved race relations blithely consigns yet another generation to ghetto schools while the brilliant achievers "inspire the next generation." As daily headlines make clear, America's racial problems will not wait that long. Desegregation is not something Negroes "earn" but is their right. Furthermore, Alsop's own examples of American institutions with remarkably reduced racial discrimination – "the hard-bitten army and harder-bitten professional sports teams" – forcefully demonstrate the efficacy of desegregation.

Alsop's belief in the possibility of quality segregated education seems to rest almost entirely on his impression of the achievements of New York City's More Effective Schools, an experimental program which was initiated in ten elementary schools in 1964-65 and expanded to eleven more in 1965-66. The idea originated with the city's teachers union, the United Federation of Teachers, and the UFT has made the further expansion of MES one of the key items in its current negotiations with the Board of Education. In Alsop's opinion the MES program, by starting in early childhood, providing small classes, employing backup teachers, and offering "all the obvious extras," has achieved a breakthrough: it is "literally the first to produce clear test results showing that ghetto children can be given a fully adequate education in ghetto schools."

The independent evaluations performed by New York's Center for Urban Education corroborate Alsop's favorable description of the climate and morale in the More Effective Schools. While the Center's most recent evaluation is careful to point out that there is considerable variation in quality among the 21 schools, most of the Center's observers agreed they would willingly send their children to the particular schools they visited. Given the apathy and despair that typically characterize ghetto schools, the optimism, sense of commitment and parental support that seem to prevail at most of the program's schools are in themselves significant achievements.

But what kind of academic success have these schools had? In Alsop's view, the test scores indicate "all [MES] children have shown a very great average improvement, and those children who have begun in pre-kindergarten and continued on from there are actually performing, on average, *at grade level or above*." (Italics his.) What exactly is Alsop asserting? What does it mean to say that *all* children have shown a very great *average* improvement? How is this improvement to be defined, and what data does he have to support this high-sounding claim? His second assertion at least has the virtue of clarity: it should be quite easy to ascertain whether the children who enrolled in MES pre-kindergartens in 1964 are now performing at grade level. But since no citywide tests are administered until the second grade, it cannot possibly be supported or refuted.

The youngest MES children for whom we have three years of test scores are those who have just completed

---

Mr. Schwartz *is a doctoral candidate at Harvard Graduate School of Education. He was formerly a high school English teacher.* Mr. Smith *is an instructor at Harvard's Graduate School of Education and last year was the director of research for the Harvard faculty seminar on the Coleman Report.* Mr. Pettigrew *is an Associate Professor of Social Psychology at Harvard University and author of* A Profile of the Negro American. *He served as chief social science consultant to the US Commission on Civil Rights for its report,* Racial Isolation in the Public Schools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fourth grade. When these children were first tested in October 1964, their median reading score was only .3 of a year below the city norm. At the end of the first year the gap had widened, but the hope was expressed in the Board of Education's preliminary evaluation that after another year or two of MES the gap would be closed. The sad fact is, however, that the April 1967 fourth grade scores reveal that in only two of the More Effective Schools is the average child reading at grade level. On further inquiry, one discovers that these two "above-average" schools are not ghetto schools at all, but are 70 percent white schools located in a predominantly middle-class section of the Bronx!

Stated flatly, the reading scores show that from the fourth grade on, no majority non-white school in the MES program is reading at grade level. Moreover, when we compare the slope of reading retardation in More Effective Schools with that in control schools (so designated by the Board of Education on the basis of comparable ethnic composition), we find little difference. At each grade level both sets of schools fall further and further behind the city and national norms. The second grade classes at the control schools are on average four months behind city norms, whereas the fifth grade classes are a year and four months behind. The MES second grade classes are one month behind the norm, while their fifth grade classes are a year and a month behind. Alsop is free to hail these scores as representing "a complete victory over that terrible educational lag that is the curse of America's Negro minority." He may well wish to publish them in "Mao-style Big Character posters," but we hope we may be pardoned for not joining in the celebration. It gives us no pleasure to have to state that the MES reading scores simply provide additional evidence to support one of the basic findings of the Civil Rights Commission Report: compensatory programs in predominantly non-white schools have so far had little sustained success in raising the achievement levels of their students.

"I ain't on any team. I'm just trying to get to school alive."

False Expectations

The saddest consequence of Alsop's headlong foray into the educational arena is that by creating false expectations he may have done irreparable damage to a program that is worth encouraging. Anyone who has worked in schools knows that there are no instant miracles. For a program as ambitious as the More Effective Schools, a three-year trial period simply isn't sufficient. At the very least, the program should be continued until the first pre-kindergarten classes have completed their eight years. Unless MES is continued, we will never know whether it could have made a difference for those children caught early enough.

As the evidence now stands, however, the verdict is at best a mixed one. Here are the concluding sentences from the summary of the Center For Urban Education's most recent MES evaluation, conducted by Dr. David Fox of City University:

> "In short, this evaluation suggests that the basic program introduced under the label 'MES' has had a favorable impact on the adults in these schools, in terms of their observed behavior, their views of the programs, and the general climate of the school. But it has not had a comparable impact on the observed behavior, perception, or achievement of the children who attended."

Interestingly, Alsop talked with Dr. Fox and his colleagues before going out to spend two hours at two schools, so he cannot plead ignorance of their conclusions. We quote from a report of the Alsop visit written by Joseph Krevisky, chairman of the Center's Field Research and Evaluation Committee, and published in *The Center Forum*, July 5th:

> "All consultants stressed the very tentative nature of our findings, and the great difficulty of generalizing about the success of this program or about the broader implications that MES is a possible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solution to the crucial problems of education of Negro and Puerto Rican children.

. . . In general, these cautions made very little dent on Mr. Alsop, who disagreed with almost all the comments made and was irritated by some of them. He said at that point it was futile to discuss such points any more as *nobody would change his mind.*"

There is also the little matter of money. Alsop disposes of desegregation as impractical, but does not explain how practical it will be to get the nation to "invest until it hurts cruelly." MES costs $1,263 per child, $700 more than in regular primary schools in the New York system. It also requires 30 percent more schoolrooms and roughly twice the staff members of regular elementary schools in the city. And since MES has so far obtained only modest test score increments at best, these costs are gross underestimates for achieving Alsop's goal of average performance at grade level. The newspaperman is advocating a national educational program which, if possible at all, would cost well in excess of ten billion dollars annually. We salute Alsop's resolute refusal to choose between guns and butter, but the question remains: will even the richest country on earth simultaneously support the Vietnam war and a national MES program?

The MES requirement of 30 percent more schoolrooms raises yet another difficulty. So far in New York, only schools with underutilized facilities have taken part. But nationally the program would require many new schools; and Alsop would have them built deep within the ghetto. This would institutionalize racial segregation and seal Negro children in the ghetto for generations. Instead, new school construction must take the form of large complexes, such as campus parks, which draw upon wide attendance areas, guarantee quality education, and maximize desegregation.

Why Interracial Schooling?

But to dwell on costs and construction would be to allow ourselves to be deflected from the fundamental sources of our disagreement with Alsop. Let us suppose that his facts are right, that we do have evidence that by spending $1,263 per child we could raise the reading scores of ghetto children to the level of those of suburban children. This would indeed signify equality of educational opportunity, and it would be a distinct improvement over what we now have. But would this fulfill the primary aims of a public school system in a multiracial society? Reduced to its simplest terms, our belief is that interracial contact is an essential component of quality education, that schools which are isolated by virtue of race, social class, or religion deprive their students of adequate preparation for a diverse society and world.

We don't want to fall into the trap of seeming to assert that integrated education is by definition good education; obviously, the mere presence of whites and Negroes in the same classroom is no guarantee of anything. But when we compare the findings of the Coleman and Civil Rights Commission reports with those of such compensatory programs as the More Effective Schools, we must conclude that the evidence suggests that minority group students perform better in integrated than in isolated settings.

Are the reasons for this so hard to discern? To quote again from the Krevisky report of Alsop's visit to the MES schools:

"The teachers stressed that neither MES nor other programs have yet succeeded in overcoming the sense of hopelessness in the community, and the powerful barriers to incentives posed by discrimination in housing and jobs. . . ."

Unless we are willing to change the fundamental realities of ghetto life in America, aren't we deceiving ourselves to think that any amount of money can buy quality segregated education?

Let there be no misunderstanding. We believe MES and other dedicated remedial programs are necessary efforts at this desperate juncture in American race relations. But they constitute neither a national model nor a permanent solution. At best, they buy time until racial desegregation becomes a widespread fact of American public schools. Full desegregation must be the goal, and all efforts, including MES, must point toward it. Indeed, MES was originally conceived in this spirit, as the May 1964 program description made clear on its first page. And Alsop encountered on his hurried visit the same position from MES teachers:

". . . the teachers, mostly experienced and mostly Negro, sharply disagreed with Alsop's line. They refused adamantly to accept the solution of quality segregated education and questioned him insistently on what he was doing to educate white people to accept Negroes trying to break out of the 'ghetto'. They sharply challenged a statement he made that education was the only key to integration – by elevating the abilities of the Negro people, and leading to their acceptance by the white community." (*The Center Forum*, July 5.)

We agree with Mr. Alsop that "it is always wicked to hold out false hopes and offer fake panaceas to those in desperate need of hope and help." But even the best funded and most dedicated "compensatory" *ghetto* program is just such a "false hope" and "fake panacea" if it is advanced as a "complete victory."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Scar-Spangled Banner*

I have never seen a phrase pass more quickly into the language than H. Rap Brown's remark of a few weeks back: "Violence is as American as cherry pie." Political columnists and book reviewers and ministers and editorial writers have used it as promptly and easily as if they had been born knowing it. Which, of course, is the figurative truth. Every country is blood-soaked, but America has a special combination of three characteristics. Two of them have been much discussed: the fact that this country was founded by forcibly dispossessing a native population, and the heritage of Negro slavery. There is a third element: the capacity to disguise ruthless power-drives in comfy benevolence. (Money-men are not really interested in money, folks. You have a *friend* at Chase Manhattan. What's good for General Motors is good for the country.) Brown's remark at once bares a truth and mocks our gift for disguising it in homely pieties. The metaphorical murder in the Madison Avenue meeting-room and the stomping in a deserted park are both as American as cherry pie. The acceptance of disguised brutalities has helped the acceptance of overt violence – homicidal violence – as an ingrained part of American life. Not all of us would use such violence but not many of us are really shocked by it any more.

Do I exaggerate? Is Lee Harvey Oswald too glib an example of American behavior because every country has political assassins? Or would-be assassins? Then why did the murder of George Lincoln Rockwell produce – in some of us, at least – only the sense of a recognizable American behavior pattern? (Or doesn't Rockwell's murder count, because of his beliefs?) Every country has its psychopathic murderers, but are we exceeding the actuarial quota with the University of Texas sniper and the Chicago nurse-killer and the Minnesota farmer – who killed his wife and four children – all bursting out within one year? On the day on which I write this, *The New York Times* reports that a young man is accused of a triple murder in Alabama. He wanted to kill the girl who had jilted him but she hid herself, so instead he killed her 18-year-old crippled sister, her 9-year-old sister, and the latter's 8-year-old girl friend who was visiting. The young man is the son of a university professor. The whole story was a *minor item*, buried on Page 43. Perhaps we are all used to violence by now because America is not only the home of the tough-guy ethos – the gun-slinging Western badman, the machine-gunning hood – but even the Good Guys are tough, like the private eye. When psychopathic murders happen abroad, they seem anomalous, like the Moors murders in England. When they happen here, as witness the *Times'* treatment of this latest triple murder, they don't seem so crazy, *they seem American*.

Possibly I do exaggerate. But all this has been borne in on me by a coincidence that must be more than a coincidence. Thomas Berger's new book *Killing Time*[1] is the third novel in a row that I have read for review here that is concerned with violence as an inseparable element of modern American life. Susan Sontag's *Death Kit* treats it in psychotic subjectivity; Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?* treats it analogically; Berger treats it descriptively, coolly, at times almost idyllically, and therefore satirically.

The chief defect of Berger's book is that he is quite aware of everything in American life mentioned above but seems unaware of how often it has been dealt with in American fiction. Although his book is written succinctly and dryly and genuinely, it seems repetitious from Page One. In his last novel, *Little Big Man*, Berger took a familiar literary mode, the tall tale, and freshened it with a freshet of imagination. Here he takes another familiar device – the abnormal man who seems saner than the normal people around him – but this time he does not freshen it sufficiently. In itself the device is particularly familiar in plays and films: *Harvey, Persona, King of Hearts, Life Upside Down* are a few widely differing examples. Berger has set it in the modern American ambience of violence that we know from such authors as Nathanael West, Mailer, Terry Southern, and Joseph Heller – a view of violence that is wry, incredulously protesting yet shruggingly accepting. Berger adds little that is new.

His central character is a fungoid religious paranoiac who unexcitedly murders three people. This man is composed, gentle (most of the time), ingenious in argument; the sane people involved in the case are frustrated and dissatisfied, vicious in one way or another, unclear in their minds. He has inner peace; they have inner turmoil. He has asked a number of doctors to cut off his penis. (He tried it once himself, but it was too painful.) Most of the men in this book have either had their penises cut off – in effect – by women or have had themselves cut off and now have only their penises left.

And so on. The fact that one can say "and so on" is, unfortunately, what is wrong with the book. To me there is only one telling section. The paranoiac's mother sounds a great deal like Oswald's mother – particularly as rendered by Michael Hastings in his recently published play *Lee Harvey Oswald*.[2] (Hastings' play is closely based on many of the books about the assassination, including the Warren Commission Report.) There is also a resemblance between the mother-and-son relationships in Berger's novel and in Hastings' play – a resemblance in tonality, not in story. I imply, of course, only a common source to the two authors.

Most of the time, however, when reading Berger's book, one seems to be rereading it. Either it revisits familiar territory – the reporter's inside view of the seamy side – like a hip Ben Hecht, or it makes ironic contrasts of sanity and insanity that are, by now, among the commonest of insights. *Killing Time* is a triple pun.

(Continued on page 30)

1 *Killing Time*, by Thomas Berger (Dial; $5.95).
2 *Lee Harvey Oswald*, by Michael Hastings (Penguin Books; $1.25).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knut Hamsun: The Beginning and the End

by Robert Coles

On February 19, 1952 a man of 93 died near Grimstad, Norway. He was a writer, indeed one who had won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920. He was also at the time of his death an officially recognized traitor, allowed by his nation to live out his last years at home only because of the "permanently impaired faculties" that advanced age was supposed to have caused. Now, fifteen years later, Knut Hamsun's first novel, *Hunger*, has been translated into English by the American poet Robert Bly; and at the same time we are offered a translation by Carl Anderson of the last writing Hamsun did, while a prisoner and forced inmate of a mental hospital between 1945 and 1948.

Hunger
by Knut Hamsun
translated by Robert Bly
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $4.95)
On Overgrown Paths
by Knut Hamsun
translated by Carl Anderson
(Eriksson; $5)

Some lives are themselves epics, and Hamsun's was an epic life, as long and rich and defiantly unique as anything he wrote. He was born Knut Petersen, the son of a faintly aristocratic mother and a father who farmed for a living, but loved to recite legends and walk endlessly in the woods. When the boy was four his parents took him north, from a valley in central Norway to the region near Bodö, way up the coast, in *true* Nordland, where a growing child must come to terms with nights that last a month and summers that must seem like much more than a prize, or even a form of reparation and reconciliation – perhaps like a passionate act of atonement by a God who can stay sullen and aloof only so long. Hamsun's family settled on another farm called Hamsund, hence the name Knut Petersen later assumed. Neither the mother nor the father was anxious to send their son to school. Instead, he worked on the land, worked with a shoemaker, and began to write.

At twenty Hamsun had finished a short novel called *Frida*. He took it to Oslo – then called Christiana – and failed to secure a publisher. He returned to a rooming house in the capital city, and nearly starved to death. Eventually he left for the countryside. He spent what seemed like his last bit of energy looking for anything "physical" to do. He had had enough of thinking and putting ideas to word. He worked as a farm hand and he worked on the roads. At twenty-three he left for America, where like many of his countrymen he sought out the plains of the middle west. He lived in Wisconsin, in Minnesota, worked in lumberyards, became an auctioneer. He was always on the move, and never with much money. In time he became desperately ill with tuberculosis, and returned to Norway, supposedly to die. He recovered and resumed his marginal existence in Oslo.

Still thinking of himself as a writer, still unable to write, still a proud, eccentric, willfully isolated young man he returned to America in 1886, at twenty-seven. I suppose it can be said that his mind was unsettled; certainly his body was incredibly restless. He made for Chicago, where he worked as a streetcar conductor. He went to North Dakota and harvested wheat. For a while he was a barber. In 1888 he thought of working as a fisherman on the Newfoundland Banks, something he had once before done for three years; but he was homesick at last and that year returned to Europe – first to Copenhagen, then Oslo. In Denmark he began working on *Hunger*. In Norway he wrote – apparently in a frenzy – a book called *The Cultural Life of Modern America*. In some respects it is like Kafka's *Amerika*, full of sly, humorous irony, and at heart a fanciful, extravagant work of the imagination rather than a literal description of anything "American" that Hamsun experienced. He had lived close to our soil, and came to know our late 19th-century life very intimately and concretely; yet the New World seemed to stir his mind in the direction of private imagery and extraordinary metaphor.

In 1890, when Hamsun was thirty-one, *Hunger* was published. He would never again be unknown. Robert Bly tells us that Hamsun's style in his first novel was somewhat similar to Hemingway's – curt, almost severe, and to the point. Others have claimed that America's raw, nervous and informal life comes across almost miraculously in Hamsun's Norwegian prose. Yet the novel's plot and its central character also manage to evoke Russians like Gogol and Dostoevsky, and such contemporary European ("existentialist") writers as Camus and Sartre. Hamsun seems to have drawn upon the best of two continents, and the result is a work of art that is still forceful, still provocative, and not in the slightest "out of date." In point of fact, *Hunger* is a "fashionable" novel, all taken up with "our" concerns and discoveries – the world's injustice as it affects the individual, the unconscious and its various workings, the question of what is psychologically "normal" and what is socially permissible.

Hunger is one nameless man's narrative, his description of what it is like to live on the extreme edge of life, without a supply of food that can be taken for granted, and without the friendship or love of anyone. Right off, the suffering man announces that "all of this happened while I was walking around starving in Christiana"; and much later, when he has had enough of both starvation and the city, he takes a job on a ship and describes himself as he "straightened up, wet from fever and exertion, looked in toward land and said goodbye for now to the city, to Christiana, where the windows of the homes all shone with such bright-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness." The hero is apart at the beginning. He continues to keep people at arm's length, no matter how closely he watches them. At the end he goes away, out of the way, a long way off.

Hamsun was always an uncompromising outsider. In *Hunger* he showed he could even stand outside himself. If the city is full of the comic, the preposterous and the fake, the mind of its half-wretched, half-indulgent observer emerges as no less ridiculous and pitiable. Though the narrator of *Hunger* reminds one of Raskolnikov or even Kafka's K, Hamsun is neither as strict and serious as Dostoevsky nor as incurably forlorn as Kafka. He does seem to have a pilgrimage in mind for his hero, or at the very least some serious travelling. Perhaps it is a mistake to try to find in *Hunger* the quests *we* have made. The Hamsun who wrote *Hunger* might have had *Piers Plowman* in mind, or the strange and bizarre events that can be found in almost any medieval chronicle of a soul's "way."

In 1893 Hamsun published *Mysteries*, in many respects a sequel to *Hunger*. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux have announced that an English translation of *Mysteries* is on the way.) Again there is a stranger, now given the name of Nagel. Again he observes everything, particularly himself. Again the reader is forcibly confronted with a character's resourceful capacity to deceive both himself and the "outside" world. Before Pirandello, before Freud, before the self-conscious 20th century began, Hamsun was obsessed – and systematically so – with the nature of illusion. He did not take man's psychological life for granted, nor did he simply allude to the terror, the vagaries and the caprices of the mind's daily life. Deliberately and carefully – as if he were one of today's psychologists or psychiatrists – Hamsun examines (through Nagel and the people he manages to confuse, puzzle and torment) all sorts of familiar subjects: the child in man; the motive that hides other motives; the power of a shrewd and willing observer both to anger a person and lay bare his most ingrained and self-sustaining conceits.

In 1894 the Norwegian public had to deal with an avalanche of Hamsun. *New Ground* and *Editor Lynge* were published, neither of them "great" books, and both of them totally unlike the two novels that had previously appeared. From portraits of very particular, very unusual and very inward individuals Hamsun turned to devastating and scornful descriptions of social cliques. In *Editor Lynge*, Oslo's politicians are relentlessly exposed as mean, calculating, dishonest. In *New Ground* the city's literary "set" is subject to withering ridicule. Hamsun fixes upon "artists" and "thinkers" every stereotype they so often use to brand businessmen or members of the "petit bourgeoisie." Fake, pretentious, calculating, and self-serving "intellectuals" are contrasted with mere workers, mere shopkeepers. Let other authors turn their biting satire on the greedy, hypocritical mercantile class, and the aspirants who serve it. Hamsun scorned the scornful, the nervously "aware" and the proudly "enlightened" – who score points on one another rather than make money, and who can be as showy and snobbish and fiercely competitive as the most successful of burghers. These two books ordinarily might be ignored, certainly in any account of Hamsun's significant artistic successes. Yet they give an important clue to his way of looking at politics and society, and if they do not "explain" his later pro-Nazi statements, they at least show how uncongenial his mind was to a rising "liberal" or "progressive" intellectual and political tradition – and therefore how susceptible he might have logically become in later years to the powerful military alternative of Nazi fascism. A man who at 35 saw rot and scandal in the "best" of the Western world, and who even then was living his own, proud and intensely private life, could much later flinch not at all when Hitler called for more purges and bloodbaths.

Also published in 1894 was *Pan*, a contrast to Hamsun's twin effort at social criticism. (An excellent English translation by James McFarlane was made available ten years ago.) *Pan* is a love story in the Nordic tradition, full of sadness and tenderness, passion and disappointment – and finally, that threesome of separation, search and death. Hamsun is done with Oslo. He places his heroes up North, in a fishing village. The sea, the forest, the weather figure prominently. The movement is away from the inward, the private, and toward Nature. At the same time there is an ironic new interest in groups of people, in contrast to *a* person. I suppose one can say the hero of *Pan*

A How-To-Do-It Song for Today

Oh there's more than one way to kill a man –
that brittle-skinned descendant of a brutal clan;
you can prick him till he bleeds like a watering-can,
but there's more than one way you can kill a man.

You can drown him in his man-waste and stuff him in a sty,
or hollow out his marrow-bones with poisons from the sky;
his mind too can be poisoned if his books are burned or banned –
Oh there's more than one way you can kill a man.

Starvation's cheap as any, if you've got the time,
but gas is less distasteful (if you're ready with the lime);
of course it's always possible to finish it by hand –
Oh there's more than one way you can kill a man.

You can take a little man-child and bend it till it breaks
and feed a draughty fire with a pile of human stakes
and tell yourself you're sweating for your children's children's sakes,
and just hope they never find out that the Saviours of their land
built barricades of Safety out of bricks of blood and sand
(if you're lucky there'll be no one left to criticize your plan) –
Oh there's more than one way you can kill a man.

GERALD JONAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a "repressed" Victorian; he takes women for granted, seems to want to use them rather than respect their particular desires and needs. They are "objects," a term still used by some psychiatrists to describe a person who is wanted and sought.

In *Victoria*, his next novel and a companion piece to *Pan*, Hamsun also describes a youthful love affair. Johannes, the suitor, is again brusque, uncouth and distant – but poetic. He desires a rich man's daughter – perhaps to marry his native poetry to some firmly established way of life. What Johannes wanted, Hamsun achieved. He gradually became a well-to-do, insistently private man whose lyric inspiration was to be shared with the world only out of a writer's need. No longer was he hungry or jobless, and if he remembered the wild sea and the inviting forests of his youth, he largely forgot the social and economic injustice he had occasion to see firsthand for so long. Now the odd spirit moved and the cloistered pen obliged. "Causes" were ignored – and with them all of Norway's intellectuals. Plays appeared and a number of short stories and poems were written. He travelled all over the world and described what he saw and felt while living in various places. He wrote several gentle and witty novels, and it has to be noted that their characters are no longer poor, hungry, desperate or even very young and uncertain about life. Indeed, by 1915, he had completed a two-volume portrayal of a rich and powerful family whose rural, aristocratic ways can no longer survive modern, technological society. Hamsun feared what would happen when the various "classes" of people are less firmly ordered and separated. With *Growth of the Soil* (1917) he even gave up trying to understand that kind of "social change." His concern is now with the land, with man the tiller and lonely pioneer who lives in an essentially timeless and constant world. Factories, political upheavals, scientific achievements for the good and the bad – none of them has anything to do with the bleak, inhospitable and unpeopled terrain described by the increasingly patrician man-of-letters.

Hamsun's chief public was in Germany. He was relatively ignored in England and America. Unlike Strindberg he payed little attention to contemporary events, and unlike Munch he lost his early interest in the mind's hard and sometimes terrible struggle for day-to-day coherence and "sanity" – though Munch's barren landscapes are perhaps parallels to Hamsun's later works. Germans responded to his unashamed romanticism, more than his own countrymen did. In Norway he was admired and respected as a world-famous writer; but he made no effort to be loved by his fellow citizens, who reportedly found him personally austere and in a flash capable of being pitilessly derisive.

Like Ezra Pound he became a traitor, though for different reasons and in a very different way. He committed himself briefly and severely to "the new order." There was none of Pound's furious, apocalyptic writing. Certainly he did not share Pound's economic and ideological "justifications" of fascism. He welcomed Hitler, but he constantly interceded with him for captured members of the Norwegian resistance. He was over eighty when the Nazis came – and a famous man quietly living out his last few years. To many Norwegians his words of support for the Germans were but a final proof of his "reactionary" style of life and his "irrelevant" books. When the war ended he was arrested, jailed, and in keeping with our century's enlightenment, sent off to be queried and observed by a collection of nurses, social workers and, of course, psychiatrists.

All the while – from 1945 to 1948 – he wrote down his thoughts and experiences. He was nearing 90, and eventually the doctors would tell a court that he should be let go because he was a "person with permanently impaired faculties." He was found guilty, heavily fined, and sent home to die. He lived on, though; and in 1949 published what he modestly called "trifles," all of them written by a man under the constant "examination" of doctors. We now have those trifles in English; they are a series of vivid, keen reflections, and they have been translated with real tenderness by Carl Anderson. Hamsun's title for this last book is *On Overgrown Paths*, and its haunting self-scrutiny justifies the author's right to claim that not only was he always "sane," but considerably more intelligent and subtle of mind than his observers. Of course Hamsun never cares to argue with his jailors or doctors. He lets his words show his moods, his sadness, his detachment, his occasional wry humor, his open conversational intimacy with Death. One sees again how stupid, vulgar or evasive it is possible for doctors and lawyers and judges to be. Hamsun wants justice, and certainly preferred explicit condemnation to the humiliating and absurd treatment he received at the hands of his psychiatrists – who took "four months to affix learned labels to every conceivable state of mind I might have been in." In this, his last testament, he resumes a long abandoned self; once again he is pointing out how insulting and humiliating people can be to other people. No one has done a better job of documenting the simple-minded, abusive and condescending questions a

The Museum of Modern Art

Christmas brochure

An illustrated, 40-page brochure announcing all new Christmas cards and constructions, books, reproductions, and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions reproduce favorite works by artists in the Museum Collection including Picasso, Villon, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists. They range from a poster design by Ryuichi Yamashiro (10 cents) to Mon Levinson's silk-screen Plexiglas construction (limited edition at $1.95). Highlights are the specially designed Chess Set, 1968 Appointment Calendar, new posters, recent publications, and the Trova Kaleidoscope—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

The Museum of Modern Art 67–9
5300 Lenox Hill Station
New York, New York 10021

I enclose 25¢ for the 1967 Christmas brochure *(deductible from orders over $5.00)*

Name

Address

City State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breed of psychiatrists can ask and inflict on their patients.

To the very end Hamsun could recognize banality, and he described it effortlessly but pointedly: "The professor required me to explain my 'two marriages' as he put it." Well, eventually the doctors "explained" more than his marriages. They brushed aside with medical and psychiatric jargon a complicated, defiant man who right under their eyes wrote mournful, cheerful and loving words. At all times he comes across clear and unafraid. He does not deny his past, or even try to excuse it. The paths he took were overgrown – certainly not as clear-cut as those who "evaluated" and judged him. Long before the Nazis arrived to make murder a "civilized" nation's chief purpose, Hamsun had withdrawn from the world – out of choice, not because his mind was "impaired." He lived long enough to see his personal prejudices and social fears become accessories to a much larger enterprise – the Nazi armies and crematoria. He died late enough to know that even the valleys and fjords he sought in sanctuary were of no avail. The inner and near-mad world that he first described in *Hunger* came back to plague him in the late evening of his life. Now madness was fantastically institutionalized; it was everywhere and into everything. Yet, the Hamsun who as a youth virtually made a study of madness, of all that is weird and bizarre, was destined to be unprepared for what happened to Norway and to the world from 1940 to 1945. By the end of the war even Quisling and the Nazis ridiculed him. He was a tragic, broken and discredited man who had not an ounce of dignity left. It seems that it was his accusers and his keepers who gave him back his dignity.

possibly the most important book you will read this year . . .

ENVIRONMENT FOR MAN

The American Institute of Planners' challenge to the nation to think of the future in terms of ideal resolution rather than expedient compromise./At bookstores, pa. $2.95, cl. $6.95

of great value
Publishers' Weekly

provocative
Library Journal

Indiana University Press, Bloomington & London

Lawyers and More Lawyers

by Alexander M. Bickel

His next book, Martin Mayer, author of *The Schools*, *Wall Street*, and *Madison Avenue*, told someone in 1961, was going to be about lawyers. "That," came the reply, "is the big leagues." It is; more so in the United States than any place else in the world. No other modern society is as pervaded by its lawyers as we are. There is, to begin with, all the regular lawyers' business,

The Lawyers
by Martin Mayer
(Harper & Row; $8.95)

only more of it than elsewhere, partly because our federal system is naturally enmeshed in more laws – and consequently more lawyers – than unitary forms of government; partly because, diverse and multicultured as we are, we don't get along with each other as smoothly as we might, and we have few institutions other than the law that enough of us will trust to settle some of our differences; and partly because we believe that the Constitution requires us to employ the processes of law where other systems feel free to get along without them.

Beyond the common run of legal business, lawyers play an extraordinarily large role in our public life, not only as advisers but as principals, not only in government, but in business, in foundations, in public education, to a degree even in private education, in newspaper management, in entertainment. If there is an American aristocracy, observed de Tocqueville, "it occupies the judicial bench and the bar." This aristocracy – the fashionable word for it today would be establishment – has never enjoyed an unqualifiedly warm place in the hearts of its countrymen. At best, the nation has had a lovers' quarrel with its lawyers. But it has never done without them, and it has never cut them down to size. Just now, their preeminence in the establishment is beginning to be challenged, perhaps, by that new breed of generalists, the systems men. But it is a narrow challenge, played out on only one or two corners of the lawyers' total field of influence.

From the independent institutional bastions of firms which survive their members, of great national law schools, and of bar associations, the finest practitioners of the "public profession" of the law, as Elihu Root called it, with no authority behind them but that of their own persons, have been known to rise up and exert a varied and far-ranging influence, both publicly and behind the scenes, in ways no other profession is likely soon to duplicate. Elting E. Morison, in his fine biography of Henry L. Stimson, has described how it works, taking as his exemplar the late Grenville Clark. "Mr. Clark," says Morison, "chose to serve the state as an independent citizen. He . . . appeared, in critical or confusing times, as a lobby for particular impulses of the national conscience. There were others not unlike him . . . men who bore a private and often invisible hand, here and there, in the public work . . . . Active in their independent, private errands or less often in minor appointive offices, they also had come to know a good many of the effective men in government. . . . Possessing confidence in themselves and in their views, they possessed also the confidence that they could walk into a room in the Treasury

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or House Office Building and present clear positions that would be heard with respect. . . . Altogether they were a useful and interesting element in the working of the democratic process."

This busy profession, this extensive and prominent feature of American society is what Mr. Mayer has undertaken to describe and assess. Such a book is an invitation to fault-finding, and Mr. Mayer was brave enough to employ a method, in this as in his earlier books, which made the invitation even more attractive. He is a reporter, a fact-sponge, and when he writes, he squeezes himself dry. Thus he opens himself to the charge of aimlessness and disorganization. And it is true enough that the book has no unified theme, that it is a grab-bag. But it is very good of its kind. Most of the facts are significant, most of the statistics are vital, and few are trivia paraded just for the sake of emptying a research file. There is no easy way to organize such information around a coherent theory, but it is interesting to know that about one lawyer in 40 is female, fewer than one in 100 are Negro, more than a fifth in the whole country are Jewish, and in New York City more than three-fifths are Jewish; how lawyers tend to practice, whether singly or in partnership, how they bill and what they tend to earn; how many convicted felons are sentenced to prison terms as compared with those who are put on probation; what proportion of the working time of civil courts in the United States is devoted to personal injury litigation; or that our propensity to allow appeals where other systems end matters at the trial level has resulted in New York State alone housing more than twice as many appellate judges as all of England. Of course, some of this is available elsewhere, and the question does arise, what should it all be taken to mean. But Mr. Mayer's purpose, useful in itself, was that of the photographer – although, to change the figure, he inevitably makes some factual errors.

Yet this is one aspect of the book only, for Mr. Mayer further bravely invited fault-finding by writing also an opinionated book. Here too, and here more unfortunately, there is no attempt at a unifying theme. As he travelled over the legal landscape, Mr. Mayer picked up a number of lively current issues, some quite novel, some enduring older ones, and instead of merely doing a job of intellectual reportage, drove himself to make up his mind about them. And he gives us his own views. It was a courageous thing to do, most particularly when it came to the Supreme Court, since taking sides was certain to infuriate one or another faction, and Mr. Mayer has already earned himself at least one nasty review for his pains. It was a courageous thing to do also because, given the number of issues, their difficulty, and the battalions of specialized professionals engaged in mortal combat around each of them, the best Mr. Mayer could hope to achieve in the time and with the equipment at his command was that he would not make a fool of himself with respect to any, and might contribute one or two fresh insights with respect to a very few. If he succeeded brilliantly – as he has – it could still be said with full justice that he was superficial and derivative.

Sometimes Mr. Mayer is not fully conversant with all the learning on some of the subjects he treats. But more often he is intelligent, level-headed and engagingly tough-minded. He is not a specialist, he is writing about a profession that is not his own and that is increasingly very specialized, and he is entitled to some of the same indulgence as Dr. Johnson's lady preacher. In my judgment, his discussions of certain aspects of criminal procedure, or personal injury litigation, of the federal administrative process, and of congressional control over the jurisdiction of federal courts are not very satisfactory. But he has some acute and penetrating things to say, for instance, about the use of psychological evidence in criminal trials, about the desirability of appointing as compared to electing state judges and about the problem of controlling the quality of judicial performance, about some of the Supreme Court's current activities, and more. He is especially good on the subject of attempts to deal by lawsuit with the afflictions of the poor. That is not a bad batting average, and the answer to objections about superficiality and lack of scholarly originality is that such issues are too important to be left entirely to the specialist.

rondo

cylinder clock is the first new idea in clocks in nineteen years.

- DIGITAL CLOCKS FIRST APPEARED on the scene nineteen years ago. They were the first clocks in 650 years to improve the medieval concept of hands spinning around on dials at different speeds. Quite an improvement, that!
- THE NEW **rondo** CYLINDER CLOCK adds another dimension. Two airplane tachometer-type dials stacked one on the other, imperceptibly move past an index, instantly and unequivocally giving you the exact time "readout."
- A "MEISTERWERK" OF HOROLOGY that comes to us from Pforzheim (Germany) where they have been making timepieces since the reign of Pippin The Short. The works are absolutely noiseless and run on 110v housecurrent. The translucent cylinders are lit from within for easy timetelling in the wee hours (even from 30'). For you light sleepers a built in switch turns out the light.
- **rondo** COMES IN THREE FINISHES: Natural teakwood (pictured above), natural pigskin, and black sharkskin with a burnished chrome ring. 6½" high, 3¾" dia.
- THIS UNIQUE CONVERSATION PIECE is available only through us and comes with a year's guarantee on parts and workmanship.

rondo

WRITE OR PHONE (415) 981-5688

Please send me the **rondo** cylinder clock in finish checked. (Indicate 1st and 2nd choice)

☐ Teak ☐ Pigskin ☐ Sharkskin

☐ I enclose $35 ($34 plus $1 for postage & ins.) Calif. res. add 5%.

☐ Amer. Exp. Acct. # .....

Name .....

Address .....

..... Zip .....

Haverhill's 526 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111

TNR0923

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perse in Flight

by Katherine Garrison Chapin

In this poem, a meditation on the reaches of space and the flight of man's creative imagination, Perse has once more expressed himself through an elemental source. In lines of originality and power he creates a new poetic entity, not from the closets of literary rumination but in the natural world about him. Drawing on close observation and encyclopedic knowledge, he illumines his theme in images that carry surprise and a fresh delight of recognition. The method is not unusual for him. In the epic poems of Perse cosmic elements have been the inspiration and the vehicle of his creative thought – in *Snows*, *Winds* and *Seamarks*. *Birds* brings us an additional satisfaction in its strength and delicacy; the meditation on the poetic dream of man is quickened into life by the entrancing view of birds in flight, near at hand and out in the wide distances of the imagination.

Birds
a poem by St. John Perse
translated by Robert Fitzgerald
with four color etchings
by Georges Braque
(Bollingen-Pantheon; $10)

Thoroughly modern, this poem has a brevity and laconism, which sharpens its beauty. It is still in the form which Perse created for himself many years ago, and which he has only altered from time to time to fit an innate rhythm belonging to the metaphor – the horizontal fall of *Rains*, the eternal rising and receding of the tidal waves of *Seamarks*. In *Birds* the lines have their inner rhyming and metric (almost lost in translation) but their force and directness carry the poem into a new style. It is not written in the abstract language of surrealism, or a loose "poetic prose" of the avant-garde. Throughout there is a synthesis, built of technical exactness and originality of image.

Poet of reality, Perse presents his subject at once without poetic personification. He transports the reader into a world of sky and space where the bird is "the most ardent for life of all our blood kin." Untroubled by jet or satellite we move into an experience of the most ancient element of flight – the feathered wing. The bird lives out "a single destiny on the frontier of day. As a migrant whom the sun's inflation haunts, he journeys by night because the days are too short for him . . . and his cry in the night is a cry of dawn itself; a cry of holy war and naked steel. On the cross beam of his wing is the vast balancing of a double season, and under the curve of his flight the very curvature of the earth."

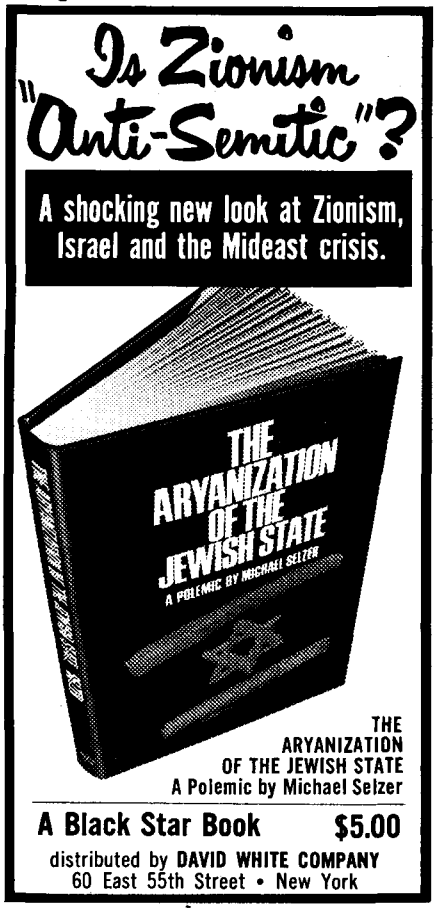
Long a lover and observer of birds, Perse has brought them into many poems, from the sinister shadow of the great desert bird in *Anabasis* to the small plaintive sea birds who make more lonely the bleak shores of *Exile;* from the birds in *Letter to a Foreign Lady*, who add a sense of heat and melancholy to the opaque Washington summer, to the wild birds of the American West in *Winds* who emphasize the strangeness of a new country.

In this poem the birds are not symbolic or incidental, they are actual and pervasive, messengers "at mid-height between sky and sea, between the upper and lower waters of eternity." Such a lyrical passage may be followed by an anatomical description. Perse dissects for us the nautical architecture of the bird skeleton, the boat-like shape with keel and prow, forecastle and stern, "all made for the lift and duration of flight," according to the grave French naturalists, in their firm and deferential language. And Perse says: "the bird is he who bears hidden in himself, to nourish his passion, the highest fever of the blood. His grace is in that burning" – and adds, "nothing symbolic about this, it is a simple biological fact."

The pages of this poem glow with images that move from fact to imaginative reality: He speaks of the birds who haunt the higher air, hunters or fishers, who when they dive on their prey, pass in a swift lapse of time from extreme farsightedness to extreme myopia. He shares their flight: "Wings high, like a winged victory . . . mingling in her flame the double image of sail and sword." Or in a different mood he adds, "for the bird what a privilege it is on the page of the sky to be in himself at once the bow and the arrow of flight, the theme and the discourse." Subject and object, poet and poem, the birds have taken over; flying in formation and in the maturity of an immense text, "they have ripened like fruits or even more like words at one with an original sap and substance." In the end the bird alone, "with his long cries calling to flight endowed man with a new audacity."

This particular volume is the latest poem of Perse to be published in bilingual form with an English translation – a serene and unencumbered rendering by Robert Fitzgerald. It is embellished by the color etchings of birds which Georges Braque executed in the last year of his life, as part of a close spiritual collaboration with the poet.

A relationship between poet and painter bears echoes of great names in French art and literature. One thinks of Manet who was influenced by the poetry of Baudelaire, and his friend-


Is Zionism "Anti-Semitic"?
A shocking new look at Zionism, Israel and the Mideast crisis.
THE ARYANIZATION OF THE JEWISH STATE
A POLEMIC BY MICHAEL SELZER
THE ARYANIZATION OF THE JEWISH STATE
A Polemic by Michael Selzer
A Black Star Book $5.00
distributed by DAVID WHITE COMPANY
60 East 55th Street • New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship and admiration for Mallarmé adding a vivid note to the development of cubism on one hand and the poetry of surrealism on the other. The relationship of Perse and Braque was different and resulted in a single flowering.

From a distance Perse had long admired Braque, not for his share with Picasso in the creation of cubism but for his own work, his integrity, his classic simplicity. They were brought together in 1961 by a mutual friend at the painter's request. Perse had liked the Braque bird for its fusion of form and feeling. Their talk was sympathetic and far ranging. The painter suggested that together they might do something about birds. Braque had greatly admired *Seamarks*, and had chosen as an epigraph a line from the poem – "the bird, vast as its circle, sees man free of his shadow, at the limit of his weal." At this meeting Braque did not know that Perse was already at work on a poem on the flight of birds.

In a tribute to Braque after the painter's death Perse wrote of the impression he received. He remembered Braque as a tall figure, like an archer or falconer, perched on his battlement, patient and keen, with the wisdom and calm of an Oriental with an Occidental face. "Like strong beings," Perse wrote, "he knew how to become gentle . . . Braque's artistic loyalty was his probity of living."

During the following winter of 1962 Braque had sent Perse, who lives in Washington, D. C., a series of color transparencies of single bird forms. But when the poem was completed, and Braque had read it, he wrote that his first designs did not express the sense of power and flight he found in the poem. He sent four more, which are in the present volume. But before he died in 1963 Braque had the satisfaction of seeing the special edition with his twelve full-page color etchings autographed by poet and painter exhibited in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The later deluxe edition was displayed at the Library of Congress in an exhibition in 1965 called "Author, Artist and Publisher."

And so both artists, poet and painter, had moved in a symbolic relationship; from their shared but separate experience the bird had become a touchstone of adventure and delight. Perse

do you teach . . .

government, literature, history, economics, international relations, human affairs?
then stimulate your students with* The New Republic – *bring it into the classroom.

Those of you who are familiar with *The New Republic* know that it is more than a weekly "news" magazine . . . that it does more than report. It encourages the students to explore, to seek meaning, to "start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions."

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we recommend *The New Republic* for use in your classroom. Special classroom rates for bulk orders of 10 or more copies are as follows: *Each student's copy costs only 15 cents weekly if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. Free desk copies are included for each instructor.*

Full year special student subscription $6

Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, for one week only, or for the entire year. You will receive your copies before they appear on the newsstand – insurance that the contents are fresh and exciting.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
An Independent Journal of Opinion
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please enter this CLASSROOM ORDER.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Number of copies weekly .....

Number of free copies needed for Instructor's use .....

Starting date .....

Termination date .....

Signature .....

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overcame his long aversion to having a poem "illustrated," and Braque's etchings are an expression of motion new to him. The qualities which Perse had found in Braque became part of his poem. He notes the painter's perception, an eye which had the restrained power of the eye of the cyclone, "that magical center of movement, where all is related and all is still." He describes the painter's "moment of rapture" when in a lightning flash with one stroke on the flat of his canvas he must put down all that he knows of the bird – his history, his background and structure, "a true sum in one thin patch of color." And Braque's succinct bird is not a simple motif: "He lives . . . he takes the wind . . . he burns." To Perse Braque's birds are closer to the genus than the species, closer to the order than the genus. They are not cranes of the Camargue or gulls from the coast of Normandy. They belong to a new caste, and an ancient lineage. They have never frequented myth or legend; they derive from no Bible or Ritual. Naming the great birds of literature, from Jove's eagle to the albatross of Coleridge, he declares these have no part there. "They fill the poetic space of man, borne on a shaft of reality to the approaches of the surreal."

In the final strophes of the poem Perse returns to his meditation, and in long melodic lines takes leave of his birds who belong in the stream of time, "where the very course of Heaven goes on its wheel."

U.S.S.R. 50th ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION TOUR
November 1-22, 1967
$895 complete
Section #1 completely sold out
A second section now open
Sponsored by
NATIONAL COUNCIL
AMERICAN-SOVIET FRIENDSHIP
See Moscow's November 7 Celebration
Historic Leningrad-Kiev
Also 4 exciting Central Asian Cities
Sponsorship makes possible visits to interesting places not open to ordinary tours and opportunities to meet Soviet people. Experienced, friendly conductor.
For information write or call:
Suite 304, 156 5th Ave., New York 10010
Phone: 212 YU 9-6677

Correspondence

Vietnam and the Birds

Sirs:

For many months those who have spoken out on our Vietnam policy have been labeled either "hawks" or "doves." Those who have supported the escalation policy toward a steadily larger war have been called "hawks." Those who have questioned the wisdom of the war have been called "doves."

I have never felt comfortable with that distribution of labels because it seemed to imply that the "hawks" were tough and hard-headed whereas the "doves" were soft or perhaps nervous.

It has always seemed to me that the so-called "doves" who have spoken out against the drift of our policy in recent years were taking a more tough-minded, realistic view of our national interest than the "hawks" who have dreamed about exporting American freedom to the jungles in B-52's.

I suggest that a new division of bird labels may now be appropriate – the "ostrich" and the "owl."

As related to Vietnam, I would include among the ostriches those who believe the following:

(1) That it is practical and desirable to sacrifice American troops and tax dollars to assist one group of Vietnamese against another group of Vietnamese when the group we are supposedly assisting has all but quit the struggle.

(2) That it is practical and desirable to win support for an unrepresentative regime in South Vietnam (the recent elections notwithstanding) by bombing North Vietnam.

(3) That it is practical and desirable to sacrifice a $2 million airplane, a $10,000 bomb load, and a skilled pilot (and who can place a value on his life) trying to knock out a $50 rope bridge that will be repaired by nightfall even if it is hit.

(4) That it is practical and desirable for America to police Asia even when the rest of the world thinks the so-called police action is foolish and self-defeating.

(5) That our bombers are spreading freedom in the jungles and raising American prestige by destroying the villages, the rice crops and countless innocent people – all in an effort to wipe out a band of guerrillas that seems to be recruiting more and more supporters as a result of our tactics.

(6) That we are advancing the cause of democracy by backing General Ky – our ally in South Vietnam who has said that Hitler is his only hero.

(7) That we are somehow weakening Red China by throwing our youth and $30 billion a year into a tiny, obscure jungle country where not a single Chinese soldier is being sacrificed.

On the other hand, I would include among the owls those who believe:

(1) That American forces should not be committed to the jungles of Asia unless there is an unmistakable challenge to our national security and survival as was the case with the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

(2) That America has no commitment and no obligation to sacrifice our blood and treasure trying to save a regime that does not have the support of its own people.

(3) That if outside intervention is needed to settle a family quarrel in Asia or elsewhere, such intervention should be under the auspices of the United Nations rather than a lone operation by the United States.

(4) That America has needs and opportunities at home and elsewhere in the world that should not be further jeopardized by an excessive preoccupation with Vietnam.

(5) That it is dangerously reckless to risk provoking World War III by sending our bombers within seconds of the Chinese frontier.

(6) That instead of bogging down deeper and deeper in the mire of Southeast Asia, we should stop sacrificing our marines, soldiers, pilots and planes and go into a consolidated holding action accompanied by a determined diplomatic effort to settle the war on the best terms possible.

George McGovern
United States Senate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Conditions of Learning

Sirs:

Joseph Featherstone's three essays on the conditions of learning are, in my opinion, the best available integration of recent and significant educational innovations. Unlike reports by advocates of any one – for example one of the "New Math" approaches – Featherstone's statements rest upon the single principle underlying all these innovations. Consequently even the most fanatic defender of "old math" or old anything else is forced to deal with evidence that is far too broadly based to be overwhelmed by any single academic discipline's traditions. That in itself will help, but I wish he had carried his argument just one step further.

Children do not learn solely from abstract rules as told to them by teachers. They must literally *do* a great many things before they become ready to sum up personal experience with impersonal abstractions. . . . What Featherstone only hints, however, is that so it is, too, with adults – such as teachers. He reports that the British have accomplished more *school* reform than Americans even though both reform efforts draw upon a common *scientific* basis. He even identifies what is very probably the critical factor underlying the difference: "In sharp contrast to America, where many of the good curriculum projects are the work of university people, the British have taken enormous pains to enlist ordinary primary school teachers in the process of creating and spreading new ideas and materials." (*The New Republic*, September 2, 1967.) But he does not clarify this connection.

To hold oneself back from constant interference in the (seemingly) fumbling trial and error of students is an unnatural act for adults who were themselves overwhelmed by well-meaning assistance. To learn the value of such self-control is a major task for teachers, no different from the child's difficult task of developing reading (or any other) readiness. Is it any wonder, then, that British teachers learn such lessons more readily after being involved personally in reform projects from the start? Is it any wonder that American teachers fail to accept uncomfortable abstract rules – no matter how correct – when simply told them by professors?

Intentionally or not, the British have been relatively successful at school reform because their teachers have experienced exactly the same educational improvements as were provided for their students. . . . Our "more efficient" projects will not work so long as they depend upon the false belief that adults are less human than children.

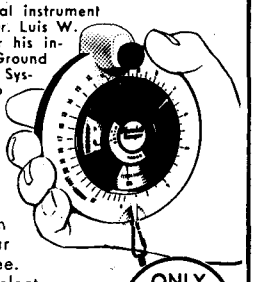
Frank L. Field
Santa Barbara, California

Golfer, Yachtsman, Hunter, and Sportsman. . .

ORDCO

RANGE FINDER

This precision optical instrument was conceived by Dr. Luis W. Alvarez, famous for his invention of the Ground Control Approach System (GCA) used to land aircraft in thick weather.



Optical instrument ideal for golfers and yachtsmen. Measures distances from 6' to almost as far as the eye can see. Golfers use it to select right club — yachtsmen to plot precise chart position. Extremely useful to measure rough terrain. May even be used to measure variation in moon's distance in orbit around the earth. Simple to use. Direct reading in yards or miles.

ONLY $19.50

WRITE OR PHONE

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S Phone (415) 981-5688
526 Washington St.,
San Francisco, Calif. 94111

☐ Please send me the Ordco Range Finder. My check for $19.50 plus $1.00 postage and insurance enclosed. (Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.)

☐ Bill American Express Account #_____

Name_____

Address_____

_____Zip_____

TNR09 23

Haverhill's

Crime and Coverage

Sirs:

The least responsible segment of the press benefits most from the restraints endorsed by Judge Hubert Will ("Crime and Coverage," September 2). Rules prohibiting officials from disclosing prejudicial information do not prevent such disclosures. The officials simply leak the information anonymously to favored reporters. In my work as a newsman in Texas, I have seen this happen several times recently: the po-

Reprints Available

Joseph Featherstone's three reports on

The Primary School Revolution in Britain

•

Schools for Children (*NR* Aug. 19)
How Children Learn (*NR* Sept. 2)
Teaching Children to Think (*NR* Sept. 9)

•

1 copy	50 cents each
2-10 copies	40 cents each
11-100 copies	25 cents each

This 16-page reprint will include a special introduction by the author addressed to teachers and administrators

•

Order from

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 – 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) 25c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....23c
Per word 12 times in one contract year.....22c
Per word 24 times in one contract year.....20c
Per word 48 times in one contract year.....18c
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

PERSONALS

DO YOU FEEL like joining the OHIM Club? Membership now open. Lifetime membership card with beautiful, gold-plated, hand-polished membership pin. Can be used as tie tack, lapel pin, or dress ornament. Has that fine jewelry look. Nicely boxed conversation piece. Only $1.00 ppd. Customcraft Creations, P.O. Box 1111, Dept. 77, Providence, R.I. 02901.

SURVIVAL OF MANKIND – Reveals the Natural Way – of REVERSING mankind's onrushing, self-destructive tendencies. Only $1.00. Kosmon Book Service, 6521 Mt. Zion Blvd., Morrow, Georgia 30260.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE (Computerized Matching). All Ages. Write: TEAM Project, P. O. Box 359, Church Street, New York, N. Y. 10008.

PAPER for THERMOFAX MACHINE. 8½x11 per 100 Sheets $1.59. ELECTROSTATIC Paper For S.C.M. 8½x11 per 100 Sheets $1.79. Write for free samples. Mets, Dept. (W205), 905 So. Vermont, Los Angeles, Calif. 90006.

PSYCHEDELIC EYE DECALS. 1¼". Non-vibratory. Beautiful. 50/$1. Wry Idea, Rye, N. Y. 10580.

COMPUTER DATING SERVICE for single adults. Send for free brochure. COMPUTADATE, P.O. Box 20-N, Peabody, Mass. 01960.

AUTOMOBILE BUMPER STRIPS. Low-cost advertising for Organizations, Special Events, School Projects, Business, Theatrical Productions, Tourist Attractions, Motels, Resorts, Drive-Ins, Political Campaigns, and Slogans. Write for free brochure, Price List, and Samples. Reflective Advertising, Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Missouri 63132.

SEARCHING? It's not enough to just "know thyself." COM/PAIR, the "people-matching-people" of Princeton speed your research. It's a way to meet a truly interesting match. National, international clients. $10.00 fee payable when you return questionnaire. Request free questionnaire from COM/PAIR Systems NR9, 194 Nassau, Princeton, N.J.

lice chief or district attorney declines to release information publicly on grounds it would be prejudicial; within a day or two, the information shows up in print, without attribution, in an account favorable to the police or DA, in a newspaper that is not inclined to criticize law enforcement officials. . . .

To identify and punish the source of the leak is difficult. In any case big enough to involve real publicity problems, there are dozens of detectives, desk sergeants, file clerks, identification officers, assistant district attorneys and secretaries who are privy to some information about the case. The court's only recourse is an inquisition, under threat of contempt of court, into the reporter's sources. Is this any less objectionable than punishing the reporter for writing the story, which, after all, is the real offense? . . .

David Anderson
Austin, Texas

This advertisement is not an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. The offering is made only by prospectus.

INTEGRATED HOUSING AS AN INVESTMENT

M-REIT MUTUAL REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUST

Objective: to invest in income-producing real estate in good neighborhoods and offer housing to all.

▶ Free prospectus available to Individuals and Institutions

Morris Milgram R-9
Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust
30 East 42 St., New York 10017

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zip_____

Kauffmann, *(from page 20)*

There is the ordinary vernacular use of the phrase; also the madman wants to kill the concept of time; also, Berger presumably also means that we live in a time of killing. The nicely evocative title sparkles on this generally disappointing book.

Yet it was written: by one of the contemporary Americans from whom we have a right to expect good things. And the fact that it was written, that Berger felt he had to write it, to add one more novel to the considerable body of work on this general theme, seems to me a social symptom. In *Love and Death in the American Novel* Leslie A. Fiedler writes:

> "There are . . . two final transformations in the function and treatment of violence in fiction. . . . The first is the *urbanization of violence*, that is to say, violence is transferred from nature to society, from the given world that man must endure to the artificial world he has made. . . ."

Then he says that in the thirties there was "a second and even more critical change in the literary uses of violence: the *ennobling of violence* as 'the midwife of history'." I suggest that there is a third transformation in process in the literary use of violence, which of course finds its basis in the society around it: the *normalizing of violence*. Violence is now accepted as a given factor in the hypotheses of American life.

Half of Freud's yoke of fundamental wishes – the death wish – rides high these days. How else can we explain our psychical maskings except as determined self-destruction? For one major example, we are in the midst of a series of appalling urban riots, caused by unspeakable ghetto conditions and social constraints. Every sane person in this country knows there will be more riots unless there is drastic and swift change. Investigative commissions are palliatives. (What is there to find out?) Temporizing bills of a few millions are not even palliatives; the task calls, on the money side, for quick billions. Yet our local and federal governments indulge in the most blatant kind of psychical masking: looking for conspiracies, stoutly refusing to "reward the rioters." Other examples could be cited, major and minor. One is forced to the conclusion that, buried far below the verbal protestations, there is a hunger for the inevitable *physical showdown*, that a taste for violence is indisputably as American and as commonplace as a taste for cherry pie. If Berger's novel is a truism, it is at least a highly pertinent one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NAPALM IS A BOMB. IT IS ALSO A FILM. A searching portrayal of the anti-NAPALM demonstrations at Redwood City, California. Scenes include a tour of the NAPALM facility; speakers Robert Scheer and Felix Greene; interviews with city officials, business leaders, and dockworkers. A unique social documentary about a city and a moral dilemma. Winner of the 1967 Cracow, Poland, International Film Festival. Available for rental or purchase. King Screen Productions, 320 Aurora Avenue North, Seattle 98109.

DISENCHANTED EGGHEADS (AGES 21 to 60)! MIND MATES is a serious, specialized dating service catering exclusively to the New York area's vast literate, cultivated, intellectual community. *Our purpose: to present you with your peers* by means of a unique combination of computerized and personalized matching. Questionnaire, literature: MIND MATES, Bureau for Interpersonal Relations, 509 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017. MU 2-3757.

INTERESTED IN CONSTRUCTIVE SELF-EVALUATION? Unconventional approach probes deeply, accurately. Introductory analysis $1.00, include birth data, name, address. Joan Merrill Harmon, Ps.D., RFD 3, Buzzards Bay, Mass. 02532.

"PROTEST WITH DISTINCTION"; Controversial underground bumper stickers. Free list: Dealers inquire. SNICKER STICKERS, Box 4243, Hollywood, Florida 33023.

USE INITIATIVE PROCEDURE to legalize abortion and every other victimless activity. LEGALIZE LIBERTY, POB 24282, Los Angeles, 90024.

LITERATURE

BEST BOOKFINDERS IN NEW YORK: ORSAY BOOKS, 8632N Eliot Ave., Rego Park 11374, New York City.

MANDARIN IN FOUR WEEKS. 28 lessons. $2.80. Oriental Publication Service, Box 300, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR A GUARANTEED INCOME. Subscription: individual, $3.00; organizational, $6.00. Twenty page bibliography available, $2.00. Write Ad Hoc Committee for a Guaranteed Income, 969 E. 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO: "Freethought, criticism and satire?" Graffiti Magazine is where it's at: $2 – 6 issues, $4 – 12 issues plus Johnson-Dylan poster. Dept. R, 88 Bleecker Street, New York City 10012.

POETRY WANTED for cooperative Anthology. Include stamped envelope. Idlewild Publishers, 543 Frederick, San Francisco, California.

"INCIDENT AT CREDIBILITY GAP and The Innocent Child," the definitive fairytale on the assassination of Kennedy. $1.00 to Paper "Bag" Books, Greenwich, Connecticut. 06830.

NEW REPUBLIC INDEX for Volume 156 (Jan.-June, 1967), now available. Please send ten cents to Reprint Office, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS – All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

DRYAD accepting poetry and literary essays. Return self-addressed envelope. 1963-1, Rosemary Hills Drive, Silver Spring, Md. 20910.

THE FUTURIST, published bimonthly by World Future Society; reports scientists' forecasts for coming decades. Subscription: $5.00 yearly. Box 19285-NR, Twentieth Street Station, Washington, D.C. 20036.

THE IDLER. Lively, offbeat liberal monthly. Fun to read. Send $2 for trial year's subscription. Idler, 413A - 6th St., N.E., Washington, D. C. 20002.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE SELECTOR – recommends best choices from 1,000 accredited colleges and universities based on computer analysis of high school student and colleges. Free 16 page questionnaire. ACS, Dept. 32F, 3757 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90005.

SOCIALIST BOOKS – Literature, catalog, free. New York Labor News, Dept. R, 116 Nassau Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201.

EXISTENTIALIST IN SEARCH OF A HAPPENING? Solid information by distinguished professionals. HAPPEN WON'T YOU? Subscribe: EXISTENTIAL PSYCHIATRY, 520 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. One year – $10.00, Quarterly.

EMPLOYMENT

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities. Includes "Directory of American Companies Overseas," and special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00, plus 50¢ postage/handling. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, N.Y. 11730.

LAWYER WANTED for one of the most challenging jobs in the United States. Requires strong motivation, political sophistication, willingness to assume considerable responsibility, desire to litigate, and membership in the California Bar. Much of the work will be done in rural areas of California. Salary $10,000-$15,000 per year. Send all inquiries and applications (including resumes) to J. D. Lorenz, Suite 332, 257 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California 90012.

Thousands of LITTLE-KNOWN $5,000-$5 million business opportunities available. Nationwide. All kinds! Free details! Business Digest, 301 N. Orchard, (2), Farmington, New Mexico.

WORLD COMMITTEE requires two creative persons with executive ability who want to end war. Help organize World Constitutional Convention and Peoples World Parliament in 1968. Start at $500/mo. working at main office, 8800 West 14th Ave., Denver, Colo. Others needed to organize and run co-op sales plan to earn living while giving 1/2 time to World Committee. Send photo with application.

VACATIONS/TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE – $1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-21JM, Bell, Bayside, N. Y. 11361.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS vacation home, breathtaking views. Weekly rental. J. Brown, 44 West 94th Street, New York City.

---

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries. Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyager, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee, from $10. Free catalog with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25c for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 6B, 605 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017. Our 34th year.

DEMOCRAT? REPUBLICAN? HARVARD? Yale? Bryn Mawr? Radcliffe? Eloise? Jacqueline? Either party, any university's name, or anyone's first-name in gold-like script on handsome brooch-pin or tie-bar. $2.00 each. Box 810, New Republic.

IT MAY STILL BE SUMMER – BUT KNITTING TAKES TIME – Handsome, hand-knit, handspun, 100% bulky wool sweaters. Moderately priced. (C.D. Project:) Free Brochure. ANDEAN, Box 2948, Quito, Ecuador.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3. Ohio.

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Send 50c for color-illustrated catalogue. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst 73, New York.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE – your own personal escape into an exciting new dimension. Assembles in hour with under ten dollars of easily obtainable parts. Send $1.00 for instructions, drawing, to Carelton Co., 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE? EXCITING ORIGINAL woodcuts, etchings, lithos, $4.50 each. Subscription information: Graphic Circle, (NR) 68 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011.

MUSIC

AMERICAN INDIAN MUSIC. LP's. Free catalog. Indian House, Box 472, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

EUROPEAN CRAFTSMANSHIP, AMERICAN WOOD, make the superb Sabathil harpsichord. Vancouver, Canada.

Printed by National Publishing Division
The McCall Printing Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

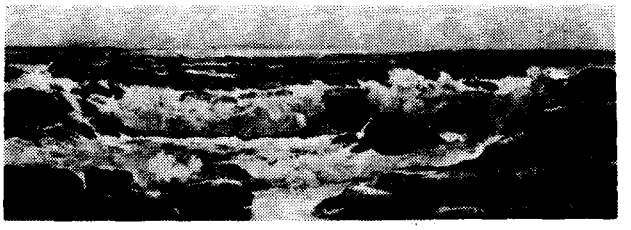
Now Available for A Limited Time Only!

Splendors of the Sea

At Last! 4 Famous Artists' Greatest Triumphs! The Brilliant Climax of Lifetimes Dedicated To Painting the Natural Splendor of the Sea.

"Evening Tide," Maurice Myers

"Rockbound Surf," W. Westal



"The Sea in Sunset," Robert Wood

"The Golden Sea," Philip Shumaker

Fabulously Beautiful Original Oil Paintings Now Yours as Full Color Murals. All 4 for ONLY $3.

NEVER before in the history of art have 4 famous artists so successfully captured the exquisite beauty and grandeur of the swift-changing moods of the sea.
Robert Wood, America's most famous seascape painter, magically shows how a setting sun turns the whole sea copper. Prize-winning artist Philip Shumaker paints the rugged New England coast so faithfully you can almost hear the crash of wave on rock. Westal's and Myer's expert marine studies, too, are treasured by art collectors and home decorators. But the small black and white illustrations here cannot show you the beauty and enchantment of the sea captured by the artists. Only when you see the exquisite changing colors in large full-scale can you appreciate the beauty and color they will bring to your home. These are the artists' greatest achievements — the exciting climax of 4 lifetimes dedicated to painting the natural splendors of the Sea. We are privileged to offer these magnificent reproductions to you.

OFFER MAY NOT BE REPEATED

Act now. Take advantage of this Special offer by ordering your full color reproductions now while the supply lasts.
We will rush all 4 to you for $3. postpaid. Each Giant Mural is a full 13" x 31" and you will be thrilled with the fresh color and beauty they will add to your home or office.

WORLD ART GROUP
STUDIO NR9-23
54 Church Lane, Westport, Conn. 06880

Please send me the 4 full-color "Splendor of the Sea" prints for only $3.00 postpaid on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

Enclosed is $ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order 2 sets of all 4 prints for only $5.00 on same Money Back Guarantee. (You save $1.00) Extra sets make perfect gifts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED